

THE ACADEMY

AND

LITERATURE

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PRICE THREEPENCE



CONTINUOUS TESTIMONY.

The following are extracts from letters received, covering a period of two years, from an owner of a "Sheffield-Simplex" Car.—

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October, 1908.

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August, 1909.

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October 10, 1910.

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ART'S ENIGMA, by FREDERICK JAMESON, with 8 full-page Illustrations.
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ZOË, THE DANCER, by IDA WILD. Crown 8vo. 6s. [January 24th.]

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THE SIMPLE LIFE, LIMITED, by DANIEL CHAUCER. Crown 8vo. 6s. [January 31st.]

This novel has a very decided quality of satire which is inspired by the conventions of the unconventional. Evidently Mr. Chaucer knows the Simple Life from the inside, and his reflections will both amuse and amaze those who know it only from casual allusions. Many well-known figures will be recognised, though not in all cases under their proper names, and, as in the case of Mr. Mallock's "New Republic," Society will be busy dotting the "i's" and crossing the "t's."

THE SILENCES OF THE MOON, by HENRY LAW WEBB. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. net. [February 7th.]

The author, a Shopshire lad, has only recently left Cambridge, and his book contains the wisdom of the intuitions of youth. The Publisher without hesitation claims that this book will be hailed as a modern classic. There has been no such fine piece of writing since "Apologia Diffidentis," but its purpose is deeper than that of Mr. Compton Leith's book, for many will accept the author's communion with Nature in the "Silences of the Moon" as a new religion, indeed no one can read this little book without feeling that death has been robbed of some of its sting. Mr. Webb is an interesting link with the past, for he is the nephew of the famous Captain Webb, the Channel swimmer, who never took a voyage without a copy of Butler's "Analogy" in his pocket. Is this another instance of casting bread upon the waters?

N.B.—The Publisher feels apologetic towards his Authors and the sensitive critics for the unusual form of his announcement, but an eminent Divine in the XVIIIth Century protested against the Devil having all the best tunes in his Service, and we in the XXth Century see no reason why costly and cunning advertising should be sacred to Pills and Soap. The very nature of these books is such that without the publisher's "knaveish tricks" these works might only be known to the fitful few.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

MR. LANE will publish on January 17th the great political novel of the century, **THE NEW MACHIAVELLI**, by Mr. H. G. WELLS. Crown 8vo. 6s. 528 pages.

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JOHN LANE, LONDON AND NEW YORK.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

AMIDST the excitement of the Stepney affray recent developments in foreign politics have passed almost unnoticed by the large majority of the followers of current events in the Press; but now that the East End is happily returning to its normal state we hope some attention will be paid to the recent developments in the Near East. The great event of the week has been the Russo-German Agreement in regard to the Balkans and Persia. When we consider that less than two years ago Russia and Germany were on the verge of war over the question of Austria's annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, this is a great triumph for diplomacy. It was only Germany's direct threat to Russia to stand by Austria which caused the Russian Government to withdraw its support from Serbia and thus avert war. It was thought at the time that Russia would never forgive the pressure brought to bear on her at a time when she was weak from her struggle with Japan, and that she would not rest content until the insult had been wiped out in blood. But the memory of nations is proverbially short in these days. It really seems much easier for victor and vanquished to come to an agreement with one another before either has sustained defeat and humiliation. Witness the South African settlement after a war which lasted three years; witness the Russo-Japanese Agreement over Korea and Manchuria within four years of that deadly struggle in the Far East; and now we have Germany and Russia smoking the pipe of peace together within eighteen months of the time when they were ready to spring at each other's throats.

This understanding over the Balkans and Persia has been well received in France, and it should cause satisfaction

amongst ourselves—except for the fact that the feeling against Germany is so strong that we dislike to see any Power coquetting with her, even though it goes far to ensure a continuance of European peace. But it has not given unmixed satisfaction in Constantinople. Turkey, it appears, has not been consulted over the terms of the Agreement, and is naturally alarmed at this unexpected slight from the "Protector of the Mohammedan Peoples of the World," as they were gratefully calling the Kaiser two months ago. The German Ambassador has found it necessary to furnish explanations and assurances to the Grand Vizier, but we doubt whether these will go far to heal the breach. When old lovers quarrel no explanations will set the matter right, because love can never thrive when it has to be watered by explanations. The whole essence of love between nations, as between individuals, is a union of hearts which places misunderstandings outside the pale of possibility. We doubt very much whether the Agreement will strengthen Germany's position in Constantinople, and surely the time is ripe for a renewal of the traditional friendship between ourselves and the Ottoman Turks, which of late years has been seriously impaired by Germany's more skilful diplomacy.

Germany's diplomatic activities seem inexhaustible at the present time. There are persistent rumours of a *rapprochement* with the Celestial Empire. China feels herself very isolated at the present day. England is allied with Japan, and now she sees those two former enemies Russia and Japan working in perfect harmony with one another at her expense. In despair, it appears, she turned towards the United States and sought an alliance in that quarter, but the United States Government, true to the spirit of its Constitution, which forbids alliances with foreign Powers, was unable to give her any encouragement beyond expressions of goodwill. This is not enough for China, and she is now said to be seeking an alliance with Germany as the only disinterested and unattached friend she has left in Europe. How much truth there is in the report it is difficult to say, but preparations are being made to receive the Crown Prince on a scale of unprecedented magnitude. Here, again, we have another excellent example of the instability of European and Asiatic politics. Fifteen years ago Prince Henry set out on his famous "Mailed Fist" expedition to annex portions of the Celestial Empire for the Fatherland, and now the robbed are anxious to lie down with the robbers in the same fold.

But what effect will a German-Chinese Alliance have on the recently concluded Russo-German Agreement? Surely both cannot give satisfaction. Have the rivals settled their disputes in the Near East in order that they may quarrel with the hope of greater commercial advantage in the Far East? Truly world politics are difficult to follow in days of such kaleidoscopic changes! On the outward surface only the old rivalries between ourselves and Germany seem likely to disturb the peace of Europe, but if these agreements and *rapprochements* are entered into so suddenly and unexpectedly, cannot they be broken with equal facility?

Captain Swinton's idea that the somewhat dreary district which we synthesise under the name of "South London" should become fashionable, is rather apt to inspire a smile. "There is something wrong," he says in a recent article. "Why are the palatial buildings all on the one bank? What is the matter with the other?" We fear that nothing short of a wholesale reconstruction of the congested locality could remedy the general atmosphere of dull poverty and depression which prevails on the

southern side from Bermondsey to Lambeth. It would be of little avail to erect a line of important and beautiful architectural triumphs (supposing that we are capable of doing this) along that bank where now black barges swarm and dingy factories stand; for behind the new would still remain the reeking streets and squalid tenements which poison the air and make the heart of the sociologist or philanthropist ache. No amount of official glory will bring the folk who carry fashion with them into such a quarter, save on urgent and brief business visits; for its Piccadilly, its Regent Street, its Mayfair, we fear that South London must wait many a weary lustrum. To re-plan a crowded area as large as a provincial city is not a task to be undertaken without much conflict of opinions and battling of interests. "If only the gospel of 'space' had been preached earlier!" exclaims Captain Swinton, sorrowfully; and any one who will trouble to spend a couple of hours wandering on the Surrey side of the river within the neighbourhoods of Bermondsey, Southwark, and Waterloo will echo that lament very genuinely.

THE BROAD BACK OF THE INCOME-TAX PAYER

It is interesting to observe how amateur financiers who are permitted to don the robes of Chancellor of the Exchequer proceed on lines which would rapidly ensure the collapse of any commercial enterprise. Statesmen of both parties have been, in varying degree, open to such criticism.

In no case have unbusinesslike methods been adopted in a more aggravated form than in the case of Income-tax. It is extraordinary to observe the history of a tax which is thoroughly illogical as a permanent impost, and in reality has only one advantage—ease of collection—to recommend it.

First devised during the Napoleonic era, the tax was so unpopular that it had to be abolished in 1816, even though the stress of the aftermath of war expenditure of the previous years drove Ministers to their wits' ends to meet the financial necessities of the period. It is curious to notice that the tax was revived by a Conservative statesman, Peel, in 1842, to aid him in carrying through his Free Trade policy. In 1874 Mr. Gladstone, who constantly inveighed against the maintenance of the tax in time of peace, actually made its abolition a chief item of his appeal to the country. Mr. Disraeli was returned to power, and his Administration continued the tax at the rate of 2d. in the pound.

The harm was done. The tax which, until Peel's time, was viewed simply as an impost to meet the necessities of war—a position strongly maintained by its founder, Pitt—was permanently established as a revenue-producing tax in time of peace.

As the tax was re-imposed by Peel to enable him to institute Free Trade, so it is now the indispensable adjunct and mainstay of a Free Trade Budget. Income-tax pushed up to a monstrous figure is the item which balances the Chancellor's Budgets and enables him to boast of an approaching surplus.

Is that surplus to be devoted to the relief of those who have produced it? So far, no such hint has fallen from the Chancellor. The crippling effect on trade and property of all kinds—and consequently employment—of a huge tax on

industry and success is calmly ignored, whilst Socialistic proposals involving still further inroads on the resources of the same taxpayer are preached by the leading apostle of humanity at other people's expense.

It is time that a protest is entered against the imposition of bloated taxation as the means of launching and supporting Socialist schemes, even though in this connection the word "Socialist" be not employed as a term of reproach. In a period of broadened taxation, of increased production, and of consequently augmented prosperity it would be just and commendable to devote a portion of the national resources to the improvement of the lot of the least fortunate sections of the population. Such a time is not now, when Income-tax yields 17s. 10d. per head, as against 8s. 2d. in 1895-6.

The Income-tax payer has shown extraordinary laxness in protesting against being regarded as a milch-cow to provide sustenance to support Radical-Socialistic legislation. A body which is now called on to provide one-quarter of the total revenue derived from taxation is strong enough if rallied and efficiently organised to command attention to its protest.

We hear now of National Invalidity Insurance. Where are the funds, so far as the State contribution is concerned, to come from if not out of the pockets of the payers of Income-tax—either in the form of denial of just remissions out of the surplus which they have largely contributed to create, or in the form of a further impost on a class of taxpayer who utters no audible protest against the inequitable exactions of which he is now almost habitually the victim? We trust that payers of this particular tax will find their voices and speak to the Chancellor in tones which he will be bound to respect.

THE LIGHT

Put out the light; no longer let it burn,
Let night again upon herself return,
In the long revolution of the dark,
That groping man may have a time to mark
The morning stars singing in unison
Laments and monodies for the dead sun,
And the Beloved, even the pale moon,
Putting off her white robes, her silver shoon,
And fleeing frail and naked down the sky
In the vast fields of the Eastern seas to die.
Then for an hour let a torch re-illumine
The blindness of man's tomb.
If he have left his feast,
His dancing and his praying and his games,
And all his toils and shames,
And all the golden garments of the beast:
If he have yet a little while delayed
To heed the glory of which the world is made,
Poets and flowers, singers and the stars—
If he have burst his bars,
And learned one word from the scripture of the night,
He hath redeemed himself from vain delight;
Then, to man's chastened soul, give back the light.

E. T.

THE POLICE AND THE CITIZEN

BY ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT

THE aftermath of the melodrama of Stepney is the furious controversy which has arisen over the conduct of the police on that now historic occasion. Scathing criticisms have been passed not only by Germany and other foreign countries, from where one would naturally expect them to emanate, but also from even more vehement critics at home, as to the absurdity of calling out 1,200 men, a company of the Scots Guards, and the Horse Artillery for the purpose of capturing two men. We ventured in our description of the affair last week to point out some of the errors and the ridiculous situation thus created; but our strictures were of the mildest when compared with the letters which have since appeared in the Press. Herr von Jagow, the German Chief of Police, who, by the way, was over here a few weeks ago studying our system of handling the traffic, has been the most unsparing of all in his attacks. He is reported as saying that the arrest of the wanted men would have been accomplished in Germany by three armed detectives—two covering their comrade with their revolvers whilst the third effected the desired purpose; and another critic has used the expressive phrase "shooting sparrows with cannon." In the United States the Press has also been equally funny at our expense.

The whole comedy has been caricatured in a thousand ways, and more especially are the writers amused by the spectacle of those two life-long friends and inseparable companions Mr. Winston Churchill and the cinematograph arriving at precisely the same moment, and taking up a strategical position out of range of the enemy's bullets, where they could enjoy uninterrupted communication with one another throughout the remainder of the operations. But we wish to be fair to Mr. Churchill. In the first place, it would be impossible for him, and contrary to the spirit of his whole career, to throw away this priceless chance for self-advertisement. His opportunities for sensationalism have been sadly curtailed of late, and, overshadowed as he is in political life by the superior attraction of Lloyd George, he has fallen somewhat out of the public eye. As Home Secretary, his presence on the scene was typical of the day's absurdities, and, as no pantomime is complete without a clown, so also would the Stepney Battle, as it has come to be called, have been incomplete without this prince of adventurers. But we would rather believe that he was not present in his capacity as Home Secretary. Perhaps his sporting instincts got the better of him, and, scenting the battle from afar, he could not sit quietly at his table in the Home Office while such untoward incidents were taking place a few miles from his door.

But whilst the antics of Mr. Churchill have been universally condemned, the police have found many defenders, and it is only fair to examine both sides of the case before passing a hasty judgment on their conduct. The gravamen of the charge is that: (1) the police made a bungle of the whole affair; (2) they allowed the two desperadoes to slip out of their hands when they might have surprised them in their sleep; (3) they employed too large a force, and called out the troops in an unnecessary manner; and (4) in spite of all the fuss, the net result was a burnt and ruined house, the escape of the assassins from justice, and injuries to ten police, firemen, soldiers, and citizens.

Now let us examine these charges in detail. As we pointed out last week, the whole of the inmates, including Betsie Gershon, were removed from No. 100, Sidney Street by 4 a.m. without disturbing the two men sleeping upstairs. Now, with all the facts before us, we must severely criticise the manner in which Betsie Gershon was enticed

from the top floor. The police admit that it was a difficult and dangerous task. They never attempted to do it themselves, and, having failed to induce Mr. Fleishman to take the risk, they persuaded the fearless Mrs. Fleishman to do so. Undoubtedly she ran a great risk of her life, because if the ruffians had been aroused by the noise and talking downstairs, as well as the footsteps on the stairs, and, unable to see who was coming up, had opened fire on Mrs. Fleishman, she might well have paid for her temerity with her life. The police deserve no credit for clearing the innocent out of danger's way. It is Mrs. Fleishman to whom the credit is due. All that the detectives attempted was to go up three stairs, seize Betsie Gershon and carry her next door, and also to accompany Mr. Sheriman when he went to rouse the aged couple, Mr. and Mrs. Clements, who slept in the back room on the ground-floor. Apart from that, they never set foot in the house again, although all the evidence goes to show that the assassins had not been disturbed.

At the adjourned inquest on the two men Mr. Bodkin, the counsel for the Treasury, made a long statement in defence of the police, and Superintendent Mulvaney was called as evidence. But the police stand condemned out of his mouth, although there are mitigating circumstances which must not be overlooked. The interesting fact, for instance, was brought to light that the police were only warned of the presence of the two men at No. 100 Sydney Street at midnight on Monday, and therefore this only left three hours in which to make their plans and to become acquainted with the interior of the building and its occupants—a very important factor in the situation. Inspector Mulvaney admits that they knew the men were armed and likely to die fighting rather than surrender, and also that the authorities were determined at all costs to avoid any further loss of life amongst the police engaged in the case. But in the face of these facts the Inspector and his colleagues deliberately induced an innocent woman to risk her life in an undertaking which they were not prepared to face themselves. This at once opens up the whole question of the relationship in which the police stand towards the public; but we maintain that under no possible combination of circumstances was it right for the police to induce a woman to do something which entailed the gravest risk to her life.

We do not for one moment wish to insinuate any cowardice on the part of the officers engaged in the case. The bravery of the London police is beyond question. It has been proved a hundred times in a hundred different ways; but we do maintain that a very grave error of judgment was committed, and one which needs probing to the bottom, and which is deserving, if proved to be true—and of this there can be no possible doubt—of the severest condemnation. The police are the paid guardians of the public. They possess certain powers and privileges which are denied to the lay citizen, and occupy a position of responsibility and trust which entails certain obligations to the public whom they serve. In times of grave danger or emergency they stand in exactly the same position as the soldier on the battlefield, and must be prepared to take the risks inseparable from the nature of their calling. Therefore we insist that, even had such an action resulted in loss of life amongst those engaged in the case, it was their bounden duty to try and arrest, not only Betsie Gershon, but also the two wanted men, by creeping upstairs and surprising them in their sleep. Better far that some should have perished, or have received injuries in the discharge of their duties, than that we should have made ourselves the laughing-stock of the world, and that ten persons should have received wounds, with the net result that the assassins escaped the gallows

by immolating themselves in the ruins of another man's property.

We now pass on to the second charge—namely, the futile calling in of troops to assist the police. Both Mr. Bodkin in his speech, and Superintendent Mulvaney in his evidence, defended this on the ground that the obsolete revolvers of the police were totally inadequate to cope with the high-power automatic Mauser pistols with which the assassins were armed. This is largely a technical point, but it is hardly borne out by the facts. When the assassins opened fire at 7.30 a.m. and wounded Sergeant Leeson the detectives had completely surrounded the building, and were in possession of every vantage point from which a fire could be brought to bear on the windows, at a range which would completely neutralise the superior carrying power of the aliens' pistols. There were other police present armed with shot-guns and rifles, and throughout the morning, even after the arrival of the troops, every man who carried a weapon continued to blaze away at the windows. But surely the police could have borrowed a few rifles from the soldiers if necessary. The fact of the matter seems to be that after the first shots were fired and Sergeant Leeson fell wounded the police authorities completely lost their heads, the old fear of sacrificing the life of a single constable reasserted itself, and rather than run any risk the soldiers were invited to share the dangers of the siege. And yet even after the arrival of the troops the firing never ceased until the building burst into flames; there is no certain proof that either of the men perished from the bullets of the besiegers, and, even though there is some shadowy evidence to this effect, there is absolutely none to show whether it was by rifle or revolver shot. These facts disprove absolutely the police contention that their weapons were inadequate to cope with the situation.

But here a very serious consideration arises. Is it not high time that our police were put on a level with the police of all other nations and trained in the use of firearms? Also, is it not high time that a reserve of up-to-date military rifles was acquired by the police authorities, so that each man could, if the necessity arose, be adequately armed? We do not mean to imply that the necessity follows as a natural corollary to the Stepney fiasco, but there are fifteen thousand constables in the Metropolitan area alone—the finest body of men in the country—who could form a priceless reserve in time of war, should that contingency unhappily arise. During the siege of Paris the whole of the civil police were called out to serve with the Army, and Committees of the inhabitants of the various *arrondissements* took their place in preserving law and order in the city. Can we afford, with our meagre military forces, deliberately to throw away the services of such a picked body of men? And yet this force would be useless to-morrow, should it be required, because the men have never been trained in the use of arms, and there are no rifles ready at hand with which to arm them.

The lessons of the Houndsditch murders and the Stepney Battle can be rendered salutary if only we learn wisdom from experience, which is unhappily a rare occurrence in official circles in this country. But at the same time let us avoid flying to extremes. Something like a panic has seized a section of the community. A cry of indignation went up all over the country after Superintendent Mulvaney unfolded the story of how he and his brother-officers, armed with obsolete weapons, went to arrest desperadoes carrying pistols sighted up to a thousand yards. Yet the very rarity of occurrences such as we have just witnessed is conclusive proof that the old system has worked well in the past. Now there is a raging agitation that the police should be armed, and that their weapons should be of similar power

and carrying capacity to those of their prospective opponents. Not a few responsible journals, whose duty it is to guide public opinion into sane paths, have advocated arming them with Mauser pistols similar to those found amidst the ruins of No. 100, Sydney Street. Could there be a more impractical or mischievous suggestion? Do these critics realise the nature of the weapon? Imagine each of our constables carrying a loaded pistol which will discharge ten shots in ten seconds to a distance of over a mile simply by keeping the forefinger pressed on the trigger! Why, a young and inexperienced police-officer, surprised by some burglar who might not even be armed, would very likely inflict mortal injuries on a number of guiltless citizens in the neighbourhood.

We maintain that there is absolutely no need for the mass of our police to carry firearms. It would be creating a dangerous precedent. It would cause each constable to rely less and less on his own judgment, tact, and acumen in meeting unexpected situations, and more and more on the fear inspired by his weapon. Situations will arise from time to time when it is imperative that a section of the police should be armed—always, for instance, when detectives have a definite mission to effect the arrest of a dangerous individual or gang; also, perhaps, in certain districts in the East-end where the Englishman's native inborn respect for the law is unknown amongst an alien population which comes from countries disturbed by revolutions and where authority is only maintained by the revolver and the sword. But to the mass of Englishmen the mere presence of "the man in blue" is a sufficient deterrent from crime, and more especially violence. He is the outward symbol of the faults and virtues of our national character. He is big and burly, he is good-natured and tolerant, he has all the wisdom in handling disturbances and unexpected situations which springs from self-reliance, a natural kindness of heart, and sympathy with those who do not see eye to eye with the masters for whom he works; and he is intimately acquainted with the character of those with whom he has to deal. He does not lurk in hidden corners, disguised and fully-armed, ready to trap the wrongdoer. The peculiar genius of the administration of the law in England is to prevent crime, not encourage it first and then arrest it. The *agent provocateur* is, happily, unknown amongst us. The outward appearance of the constables denotes the manner in which they are expected to discharge their duties. They are dressed in the most unwieldy of uniforms. Their measured tramp can be heard streets away. Their heavy boots and ponderous equipment render it easy for the light-footed miscreant to escape. But we do not mind this. The English constable inspires respect by the dignity of his deportment and the very solidity of his outward form. He is the visible symbol of the law and the constant reminder to evildoers that those laws must be obeyed, and, as in the past, so also in the future, he will prove the most efficient guardian which the citizens of any nation can claim.

A generation ago we were cast into a panic by the dynamitards, and the police were blamed. A few years later Jack the Ripper caused another panic, and the police were again severely criticised, but the dynamitards and Jack the Ripper have long since been forgotten. In like manner, in a few months' time the panic of the Houndsditch murders will have passed into oblivion. Such occurrences are happily rare, and if we are going to profit by our lesson, the remedy of prevention will be found, not in departing from our old traditions and arming the police, but in the proper supervision and, if necessary, the deportation of those alien criminals who, under the plea of escaping from political persecution, abuse the generous hospitality of our shores.

REVIEWS

THE AGE OF UNREASON

Logic for the Million. Edited by T. SHARPER KNOWLSON.
(T. Werner Laurie. 6s. net.)

ALL credit is due to Mr. Knowlson for this ably written and clearly expressed text-book. It might have as a sub-heading the description "Logic Without Tears." It is an attempt to teach a technical art with as little technicality as possible, to induct the world into a knowledge of the laws of ratiocination without the world being unpleasantly aware that it is being taught to think correctly. It is doubtful perhaps whether the avoidance of technique is not in the long run a more laborious path, but if the author succeeds in his endeavour to interest people in the logical art, to make them understand that the great analysis of Aristotle is not a mere conjuring trick fit to amuse children at Christmas parties, he will have achieved a great deal. It is difficult to deal with "the million," who are otherwise known as "the mob," for this creature is partly composed of men who belong to it by nature, and partly of those whom circumstance has treated ill. People talk nonsense with a difference; some, one feels, are born to eat nonsense, to drink nonsense, to live in nonsense, and to eject nonsense; nonsense is their vital air. And of others one says "they are ridiculous, but one can see that if they had had any chance they would have been sensible folks." There are doubtless many cannibals to whom cannibalism is wholly natural; while others eat of the horrid banquet, but with qualms and misgivings. So with the million whom Mr. Knowlson addresses; he will save those who are to be saved, the rest—the naturally unreasonable—will continue to wallow in their irrational sty.

It is interesting to consider the history of logic. Note in the first place that the logical faculty is innate in man. The rudest and the roughest age could not have existed without it; rather we may say by the logical art alone did man survive in the contest with the monsters of the slime and of the caves—survive, that is, as an animal, as a comparatively weak beast fighting for his life against much stronger creatures. "Barbara, Celarent" were latent in every action of the Old Stone and the New Stone savage; otherwise the wild beasts would have had the best of it, possessing, as they did, many physical advantages for the contest. It would be rash to say that the ratiocinative faculty is wholly absent from all animals; there are instances in the history of bees and ants which forbid the acceptance of such a dogma; but man alone, having a portion of instinct comparatively small, learned to supply his want by systematic logic. By a series of propositions he fought the monsters, by seduction he won his dinner, by chains of syllogisms he conquered the external world. Animals, though they are helped by instinct, are hampered by it, for it fails to rise to new emergencies; they are hampered, too, by lack of memory. The instinct of the dodo, admirable no doubt under a certain set of circumstances, was helpless to suggest any way of dealing with a totally new set of circumstances—the arrival of European sailors in Dodoland; and the unhappy bird who saw a number of relatives knocked on the head by the European sailor on Sunday could not deduce, for the service of Monday, the conclusion that sailormen were to be avoided. By consequence the dodo is extinct, while sailors survive.

Man, then, has always had within him the potency of logic, as he had the potency of other things unknown to the other animals—such things as poetry and religion. But—here is the curiosity—his logic was itself almost an instinct. His daily and vital decisions were all based on the know-

ledge of "Barbara, Celarent," and yet he could not have explained to you the simplest process; he could not have pointed out that his successful choice of a dinner or a dwelling was to be defended by a series of valid syllogisms, while his neighbour's early death was the result of an illicit process, the presence of a fourth term, or an undistributed middle. The prosperous Neolithic man syllogised naturally and validly, just as many men can play correct chords without the slightest knowledge of the laws of harmony.

Then, late in the history of the human race, came the Greek Aristotle, who analysed the process, who showed its principles and its laws, who pointed out—the example is Mr. Knowlson's—that I must not say that you are a goose because you are an animal and a goose is an animal. Perhaps it may be objected that the possession of a little common sense, without any logical technique, is amply sufficient to defend one from talking such arrant rubbish. Yes; when the terms are clearly known, when the absurdity of the conclusion is self-evident; but let the subject-matter be concerned with free-will and cause and effect, and mere common sense will leave the fallacy undetected. Within the last three years there was an argument between two distinguished men on a highly obscure question; and the chief conclusion of the one was derived from an exact replica of the "goose" syllogism; while the other, denying the conclusion, was unable to find any fault with his opponent's logic. It was Aristotle who taught us that the validity of argument depends on certain immutable laws; that for "goose," and "you," and "animal" we can substitute A, B, C, or whatever symbols we please; that the syllogism

All A is B,
All C is B,
Therefore all A is C

is invalid, because the middle term B is not "distributed." Our knowledge of the subject-matter teaches us that "therefore you are a goose" is nonsense; logic teaches us that a conclusion from such premises is invalid whatever the terms may be. And the laws of logic are necessary and eternal; they cannot be changed by any imaginable discovery. Up to twenty years ago many people were, probably, of the opinion that by no method was it possible to discern a bullet embedded in a man's leg without first removing the flesh; many people no doubt thought that this was an eternal law of the universe. They were mistaken; for the "X-rays" were discovered, and the "law" ceased to exist. But no such misadventure can befall the laws of ratiocinative thought; and when the syllogism of A and B and C cited above becomes valid, triangles will have two sides, or twenty; two and two will make thirteen; clocks will strike less than one; and uphill without downhill will be as plentiful as blackberries. Or, to put the case in proper form: A will be at one and the same time B and not B.

Now it would be a very astonishing thing if a sect arose denying the truth of any of the laws that have been mentioned. If large numbers of men said that the rules of arithmetic or geometry were nonsense and useless pedantry we should be amazed. If, for example, two men in a train were arguing about some question of figures, and one pointed out that as two and two made four, he was certainly right; the passengers would surely be amazed if the other replied, "Yes, I know the old arithmetic-books say that two and two make four; but what have we to do with a lot of mediæval stuff like that. They used to quote those old rules and say that two and two made four in the Dark Ages; and a pretty lot they knew about science, didn't they? Why, they used to say that. . . ." &c.

And this astonishing state of things is exactly what has come upon us. So far as the writer is aware, no advanced thinker has formally and in so many words denied the pro-

position that if you have twopence and somebody gives you twopence you will then have fourpence, but the laws of logic, which are as true and immutable and eternal as the laws of arithmetic, are constantly being denied. Here is an instance, quoted by the author of "Logic for the Million" in his Introduction:—

Herbert Spencer, in a letter to Professor Brough, said:—"I have at no time paid the least attention to formal logic, and hold for all practical purposes it is useless."

Now Herbert Spencer's business was, briefly, to put two and two together in matter of philosophy; the whole of his life's work depended on his capacity for reasoning justly from premises to conclusions. And this remark of his is precisely and exactly as if a chartered accountant should say, "I have at no time paid the least attention to the rules of arithmetic, and hold that for all practical purposes the multiplication table is useless."

It may be said, in parentheses, that Mr. Spencer need not have troubled to announce his contempt for the laws of formal logic. The murderer caught in the fact might as well point out to the police that there was blood on his hands. Any one who will trouble himself to look into the works of the "great thinker" of the nineteenth century will find proofs of Spencer's utter ignorance of the laws of ratiocination on every page; he commits, again and again, absurdities, any one of which would have earned the dunce of a thirteenth-century booby class the soundest of whippings. Indeed, Mr. Knowlson takes the sentence quoted, and shows that the implied argument runs as follows:—Formal logic is useless to me; that which is useless to me is useless to the whole human race; therefore formal logic is useless to the whole human race.

It would be interesting to know the arguments on which the second premise is based; Mr. Knowlson says, gently, that it is a case of arguing from the particular to the universal: "as I find toasted cheese unwholesome, it must be unwholesome for everybody."

But all this matter of Herbert Spencer's personal disabilities apart, you have here the case of a distinguished man, who is supposed to have influenced the thought of the whole world, saying deliberately that the eternal laws of thought are not of the slightest consequence to thinkers; that whether the two and two of ratiocination make four, or five, or six hundred and sixty and six is not of the slightest consequence.

This is a feat that one would have pronounced to be incredible. But it has been done; and if it has been accomplished in the green tree of eminence, what marvels of unreason and absurdity may be expected from the dry wood of obscurity, from the millions who are now the rulers of England!

SOCIAL AND PHYSICAL HEALTH: A FRENCH AND ENGLISH VIEW

The Dawn of the Health Age. By BENJAMIN MOORE, M.R.C.S. L.R.C.P. (J. and A. Churchill. 3s. 6d. net.)

Le Milieu médical, et la Question Médico-sociale. By DOCTOR GRASSET. Fourth Edition. (Bernard Grasset, Paris. 2f.)

THE success of a nation, commercially and socially, in the arts as well as in less academic spheres, may be said to depend to a great extent upon the physical fitness of its individuals. An unhealthy body induces a mind out of harmony with its environment, a brain sapped of its finest powers; the work produced by the weakling, whether he be engaged in manual labour or in artistic endeavour, is,

speaking generally and making due allowance for notable exceptions, of less value than the work of a man "in good form." Every effort to emphasise this fact, therefore, is welcome, and Dr. Moore's two hundred pages of enthusiastic argument cannot be passed over with a mere hasty glance.

If anything, Dr. Moore is a little too emphatic and dogmatic; his enthusiasm leads him now and then into an unguarded statement. "It is not the slightest exaggeration," he writes on page 3, "to say that our present methods of attacking disease are mediæval in their antiquity and their ignorance." On the contrary, it is a serious exaggeration, obvious even to the ordinary layman, and had the author carefully considered his words he would not have proceeded, we think, to assert that "the labour of the thirty-two thousand medical men at present practising in this country is almost wasted as far as the health of the community which they serve is concerned. Anything more futile, less scientific, more hopelessly absurd than the present method of dealing with disease can scarcely be conceived." Not, shall we say, the indiscriminate blood-letting of a hundred years ago? Although we are aware that Dr. Moore is referring more especially to disease in the bulk and the organisation of our efforts to combat it, such incautious statements as those we have quoted are calculated to weaken his argument, not to strengthen it. Alluding to infantile mortality, he says: "Latin names figure in the returns of the Registrar-General as the cause of death, but in plain English the children die from dirt, ignorance, carelessness, and starvation. Also, sad to relate, there has not been the slightest improvement in this respect within the past forty years." "It is a peculiar irony of fate," we read in another place, "that the very name of 'doctor' means a teacher, and yet he never, or very rarely, teaches nowadays, but earns his living chiefly by pouring medicines into people who would in most cases be better without them."

While protesting against this wholesale incrimination of the profession, however, we are perfectly sure that below it all runs a deep feeling for the welfare of humanity. Many good items of advice are to be found scattered through the pages, apart from the author's eager advocacy of a State Medical Service—the great theme of the book. "Let us start to teach some practical hygiene in our schools as a compulsory and important subject," is excellent counsel; already, we believe, there is a strong tendency to adopt it. On the subject of our hospitals we can also quote a pertinent remark or two:—

In spite of all its lofty sentiments of voluntary charity and benevolence, the curse of the voluntary hospital system is that it is blinding the eyes of those who could most help social reform to the fact that we possess no national hospital system. The voluntary system is utterly inadequate; it is strained to its utmost limit and almost bankrupt, and yet it cannot attend to more than about fifteen to twenty per cent. of the cases requiring attention. By its very excellence in attending to this small proportion of the deserving poor, it blinds our eyes and blunts our perceptions in regard to the eighty per cent. which it does not touch at all.

Following this, however, we find the extreme statement that "any person who contributes towards or endows voluntary hospitals, however good his or her intentions, is contributing to the perpetuation of a great national nuisance and great national wrong which calls aloud for redress." Then, a few pages later, comes the remark: "By all means let us keep our voluntary hospitals for the present, if only we can remember that they are not solving a great national question which is pressing urgently for solution." The arguments are comprehensible, but not logical. Even if we admit, for instance, that the "distinguished hospital surgeon is often a man of very mediocre attainments, who has 'shown keen-

ness and patience, and trained his hands well to manipulation, but often has not added one line, or precept, or practical application to the craft of which he is an exponent," is it not a good thing that such men are to be found, and do they not by their skill save thousands of lives?

Dr. Moore disregards too much, we think, the work accomplished by our great consumption hospitals and sanatoria. During one year, in connection with a certain hospital where we have made inquiries, over fifteen hundred patients' homes were watched for a protracted period; 2,468 patients were treated as "special cases"—i.e., received individual attention or special correspondence; 288 patients were examined by the Röntgen rays—some, of course, more than once; 208 patients were discharged with the disease completely arrested. Surely, even though such work may not be organised by State officers and carried on as a national affair, it hardly merits such severe language as the author uses; rather does it merit high praise.

The true solution, advocated in this book, is "one national service for the whole country, under a Minister of Public Health of Cabinet rank":—

Local conditions for hospitals and administration may be left in the hands of local authorities, but the medical officers must be appointed to a national service and be transferable from one local centre to another, and open to promotion from one place to another. . . . How much better for the doctor to get his quarterly cheque from Government, and spend his time in being a doctor and looking after questions of health and disease, leaving bill-posting and fee-squeezing to those whose business it is!

We can easily believe that the poorly-paid medical man would see no objection to this, but what would the princely practitioners of Harley Street say to an offer of salaried posts under Government? However, the principle is sound, and Dr. Moore disposes of the difficulties in a clever and thoughtful manner. The advantages of a post-graduate course of lectures are obvious; too often the average doctor has little chance of keeping up to date save by reading his professional journals; here we are in complete agreement with the scheme. Dr. Moore's essay is full of sentences which make the reader think, and if it is at present too Utopian in its ideas to precipitate or to crystallise into fact, we can yet recommend it heartily to the careful consideration of everyone interested in the important question of our national health and physique; and especially, we should add, ought every doctor to read it.

Dr. Grasset's clever study of "*Le Milieu médical*" in the series of "*Études Contemporaines*" is in its fourth edition, and may be briefly considered here, as it deals with a problem which has recently arisen in France, not altogether unallied with the subject of the previous book. Social inequality, Dr. Grasset finds, has its analogue in the medical profession of his country, which appears to be going through a grave crisis. "*Le nombre des médecins augmente constamment*," says the author; "*l'exercice loyal de la profession est gêné par les charlatans, les illégaux, les rebouteux, les irréguliers et les forbans de la médecine.*" So far, we in England are in somewhat similar plight; but Dr. Grasset emphasises difficulties which have reached a more acute stage across the Channel. "*Les relations avec les clients deviennent plus difficiles par suite d'une mauvaise compréhension du rôle des consultants et des spécialistes; l'administration, les associations, les sociétés de secours mutuels aggravent la situation en faisant le bien aux dépens et aux frais des médecins.*" The result is a sort of professional battle, and with the details of the problem—which include, for instance, the question of surgical and medical teaching in hospitals—the author deals cogently and at some length.

His most interesting passages, to English readers at any rate, are those which treat of the Socialistic point of view. Very neatly does he show that a democracy cannot exist without an aristocracy, even though it be only an aristocracy "*des aptitudes et des compétences*"—of ability, in short. "*Inequality between men is an implacable biologic law; men differ in intelligence, in health, in nature, in the tendency of their faculties, in capacity for work, and in adaptation. . . . In a well-organised society there must be inequality:*"—

Tous les hommes sont égaux en droit d'accéder à toutes les positions; mais cela ne veut pas dire qu'ils sont égaux en droit d'occuper, tous, la même position. . . . Il y a égalité des droits, mais pas égalité des fonctions. Les hommes sont nativement et biologiquement inégaux. Si donc ils sont égaux en droit aux fonctions, ils ne sont pas égaux en capacité pour les obtenir et les occuper dignement.

In a digression, which is, however, exceedingly pertinent to his theme, Dr. Grasset discusses the confused meanings which the public attaches to the word "art." Art, he considers, is the manifestation and realisation of the beautiful; it provokes the æsthetic emotions; but when the term is applied to the profession of which he is so distinguished a member, it has another significance—it means the manifestation and application of truth; hence he concludes that "*la médecine pratique est un art scientifique, ou, pour mieux dire, une science appliquée; donc, non seulement il n'y a pas opposition entre la science et la pratique médicales, mais il y a corrélation et parallélisme entre ces deux éléments.*" It follows—and this is his point—that it is absurd to separate doctors into the two categories of "*savants*" and "*praticiens.*"

Farther than this we need not proceed, since the main subject of this interesting little volume is concerned with the affairs of our neighbours and friends; but it has been a pleasure to follow out Dr. Grasset's arguments. France, on occasion, can produce experts in logic and lucid reasoning not a whit behind the somewhat less sprightly professors of Germany and England, and we imagine that "*Le Milieu Médical*" will accomplish much towards smoothing out the difficulties which threaten to disunite the members of a profession which, above all others, should "work together in unity."

AN EXPEDITION IN THE HIMALAYAS

The Call of the Snowy Hispar. By WILLIAM HUNTER WORKMAN, M.A., M.D., and FANNY BULLOCK WORKMAN. (Constable and Co. 21s. net.)

A BOOK from the pen of those intrepid explorers Dr. and Mrs. Bullock Workman is always welcome; doubly so when presented to us in the attractive form of the handsome volume before us. The authors have, as is probably already well known to the majority of our readers, made a number of expeditions in the Himalayas, needless to say fraught in every instance with results of no mean scientific value; but the region which includes the scenes described in this the latest record of their endeavours they have made so peculiarly their own that one is almost tempted to say of them, in the words of Tennyson, "their name and glory cling to all high places like a golden cloud for ever."

Many of us have felt and known the fascination of the Alps. The call of those mountains is one that carries far and is not lost upon receptive ears. We can therefore readily appreciate the imperative nature of such a call coming from their greater sisters to such well-tried devotees as the authors. No words could describe the sensations upon

such an occasion—so aptly as their own. "But we had breathed the atmosphere of that great mountain-world, had drunk of the swirling waters of its glaciers, and feasted our eyes on the incomparable beauty and majesty of its towering peaks, and, as time passed on, its charms asserted their power anew and called to us with irresistible siren strains to return yet once again to those regions, the grandeur of which satisfies so fully the sense of the beautiful and sublime." By means of simple, and for that very reason effective, language, as well as by a profusion of photographs, in themselves a joy to look upon, we are enabled to enter in large measure into the spirit of the enterprise.

Readers will be well advised to preface their perusal of the book by a reference to the eleventh chapter and to the appended maps in order to obtain a clear and comprehensive idea of the extent and nature of the regions traversed. It will be observed that the Hispar glacier is the most northerly of a great group of four main and many subsidiary glaciers lying within a parallelogram bounded by $35^{\circ} 40'$ and $36^{\circ} 20'$ lat. N. and $74^{\circ} 50'$ and $76^{\circ} 40'$ E, the waters from which all eventually find their way into that great river aptly described here as "remarkable"—namely, the Indus. Dr. Workman's careful and repeated observations give the Hispar a length of 36.63 miles and an average width of about two miles. If the Hispar be taken together with the Biafao glacier, into which it almost imperceptibly fades at the summit of the Hispar pass, which forms its eastern extremity, the total length of the ice-band will be about seventy-three and a half miles, which is the longest extent of glacier outside the Polar regions. On its south side the Hispar receives six and on the north side nine branches. Many of these are in themselves glaciers of great size.

As to the southern barrier of the glacier, the authors remark that in their six expeditions in Himalaya they have seen no ice-expanse which approaches it in extent, complexity, and grandeur. Since it is continuous with the west wall of the Biafao glacier, it forms a solid barrier of forty miles in length. It is also a noteworthy fact that while its northern face "runs for twenty-four miles in a straight line, unbroken by a single deep indentation, its southern face gives off spur after spur, enclosing important glaciers."

An interesting problem is presented by the fact that, although the bed of the Hispar is almost certainly smooth, as is proved by the absence of crevasses, its gentle gradient, and other features, its surface is in general broken up into "high hillocks separated by deep depressions." The answer to this problem is to be found in the enormous pressure exerted upon the main glacier stream by its tributaries, as is most lucidly and adequately explained in the eleventh chapter. The same phenomenon was observed by the authors in the Nun Kun in 1906.

One of the most notable peculiarities of the Hispar is the almost complete absence of median moraines, but this is amply compensated for by the abundance and size of the lateral moraines which the glacier is actively engaged in building up. The ridges of the highest of these, found on the north bank, are 394ft. above the present surface. The mountains rise too abruptly from the glacier to afford any room for the maidans clothed with vegetation which were met with on previous expeditions in the Himalayas. So much for the character of the Hispar.

The expedition in question consisted of the authors; Count Dr. Cesare Calciati and Dr. Mathias Koneza, who made a complete topographical survey of the whole of the Hispar region, the results of which are summarised in the admirable Appendix written by them and in the detailed map; the Italian guide, Cyprien Savoye, who had already participated in two of the previous expeditions (he does not figure largely in these pages, but the occasions in which he does appear are momentous); three of the porters

who accompanied the expedition of 1906, and a variable quantity of Nagar coolies, about whom the less said the better. Mr. Hogg performed valuable services as agent. The route traversed was, roughly, triangular—Srinagar, Gilgit, Chalt, Hispar, Hispar Pass, Askole, Shigar, Skardo, Gurais, and Srinagar. A short distance beyond Chalt lies that stupendous and glorious mountain Rakaposhi, 25,550 feet in height, the photographs of which are among the most beautiful in the book.

It is curious and distressing to notice that the villagers of Hispar, though starving by reason of a long succession of bad harvests, were just as averse from honest and well-paid labour as are the unemployed of our own long-suffering country.

The mountains of the Hispar region do not lend themselves to climbing, but are "characterised by their extreme steepness and greatly broken surfaces, being seamed by gorges and ravines at all altitudes. In addition, their higher parts and the entire slopes of those on the south-east side of the Haigatum and south side of the Hispar are heavily coated with ice and snow, which settle into hanging glaciers and séracked ice-falls on their flanks, and festoon their ridges and apices with great stratified cornices, sometimes even double and triple in character. These, breaking away, frequently give rise to avalanches, which sweep the whole mountain-flanks down to, and over a considerable portion of the glaciers." Hence the mountains are not only difficult, in most cases impossible, but also very dangerous to climb, or even to approach!

One of the most important results, from a commercial point of view, is the demonstration of the present impracticability of the Nushik La as a pass for the traveller, or even for the mountaineer, this being one of many examples of changes which take place in the Himalayas during a decade or two.

The culminating point of interest is reached at the ascent by Mrs. Bullock Workman of Biafao Hispar Watershed Peak. The view from the summit she describes as "perhaps the most comprehensive and beautiful I have seen in Himalaya." The most fitting comment one can make upon this great climb is to repeat the remark of one of the porters upon the return of the little party to camp—"C'était quelque chose à voir, cette ascension, Madame." After reading the thrilling account of such an ascent—21,350ft.—we are pleased to have proved to us by the twelfth chapter that Mrs. Bullock Workman's title to the record altitude reached by a lady-mountaineer cannot now be questioned.

As to the topographical results of the expedition, readers may remember that Sir Martin Conway made a somewhat rapid ascent of the Hispar in the year 1892. The present was the first complete survey. Drs. Calciati and Koneza set out their conclusions in a separate portion of the book, entitled "The Basin of the Hispar Glacier." The map published by the Trigonometrical Survey of India is, according to them, completely valueless as regards the topography of the Hispar district.

Geologists will probably find this Appendix the most interesting portion of the whole work. Indeed, having regard to the existing state of our knowledge of glacial phenomena, information such as that acquired by the learned doctors upon this expedition is of the highest possible interest and scientific value. It is satisfactory to learn that they went to considerable lengths in setting up *in situ* various indications available for future explorers, a comparison of which after the lapse of many years will probably afford valuable data. Those who are desirous of studying the scientific results of the expedition further will find the necessary references given in the Appendices.

But for the general reader the pleasure afforded by this book is that of being enabled to participate spiritually in the

glorious scenes described by those who understand and appreciate the splendours of the high places of the world. "Dawn is beautiful in the plains when heralded by the swish and twitter of innumerable song-birds; lovelier still at the bases of the hills, when shafts of dark violet flare up the spurs, turning to pale mauve and pink as they dart upward into the advancing light; most beautiful of all, higher yet above the abodes of man, beyond even the voice of the high-flying chough, where, as the curtain of darkness which has held the upper world in its inky grip is uplifted, glaciers, arêtes, and peaks, hitherto unseen, are revealed, spreading out on all sides in the calm, simple magnificence of ante-sunrise lighting." We wish we also could see that magnificent spectacle of the East.

MR. BELLOC AS POET: WITH SOME OTHERS

Verses. By H. BELLOC. (Duckworth and Co. 5s. net.)

The Search for Loveliness, and other Verses. By G. ROSTREVOUR HAMILTON. (John Long. 2s. 6d. net.)

Reaping the Whirlwind, and other Poems. By G. F. BRADBY. (Smith, Elder, and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

Open Spaces. By IRVEN. (John Long. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Queen of the Fiori, and other Poems. By JOHN CAVE. (Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co. 5s. net.)

PLACE of honour in this list must be given to Mr. Hilaire Belloc, not only because of his fine sense of rhyme and rhythm, but because to these qualities he adds a very neat irony and his characteristic shafts of incisive wit. Those who are familiar with his prose-work know well how aptly he will drop into verse when the mood takes him; we have here, for example, that splendid, swinging song "Heretics All," from "The Path to Rome." Very glad we are, too, to find it; but does it not add immensely to our pleasure to turn to the account of its inception? On the road to Montier, we are told, Mr. Belloc asks "a young man chopping wood" for coffee:—

And as he refused it I took him to be a heretic and went down the road making up verses against all such, and singing them loudly through the forest that now arched over me and grew deeper as I descended. And my first verse was:—

Heretics all, whoever you be,
In Tarbes or Nîmes, or over the sea,
You never shall have good words from me.
Caritas non conturbat me.

I sang it to a lively hymn-tune that I had invented for the occasion. I then thought what a fine fellow I was, and how pleasant were my friends when I agreed with them. I made up this second verse . . .

But we must resist the temptation to quote, or we shall do the author an injustice and reproduce, in our enthusiasm, all the poem and half the "Path to Rome."

Some of these poems (for half the contents of this beautiful book are true poetry, in spite of the modest title) are bright and keen as a sword-blade; others are as tender as a mother's whisper to her drowsy child. When, as often happens, the verses are in a martial spirit, how well Mr. Belloc understands the power of resonant words and the effect of a choice distribution of vowel-sounds! In "The

Leader" the lines thud and resound as the tramp of a distant battalion, and we seem to hear the heavy artillery booming in the mist:—

I hear them all, my fathers call,
I see them how they ride,
And where had been the rout obscene
Was an army straight with pride.
A hundred thousand marching men,
Of squadrons twenty score;
And after them all the guns, the guns,
But she went on before.

On the page facing this is a lovely lyric entitled "A Bivouac," which introduces several place-names in a most musical manner. We may give the opening stanza:—

You came without a human sound,
You came and brought my soul to me:
I only woke, and all around
They slumbered on the firelit ground,
Beside the guns in Burgundy.

Towards the end of the book there are several feats of accurate rhyming, combined with an irony that can be very biting. A mock "Newdigate Poem" is simply irresistible, and the "Ballad of Consols" shows how acutely Mr. Belloc studies the times. His postscript runs thus:—

Permit me—if you do not mind—
To add, it would be screaming fun
If, after printing this, I find
Them after all at 81.

The refrain of the ballad is that "Consols are at 82;" alas! they are now at 79, and Mr. Belloc must try again. Those who do not know Mr. Belloc as a poet should get this volume at once, for they have indeed a treat in store. Many other exquisite songs and ballads, which we should like to mention if space availed, hide within its pages.

Mr. Hamilton's title-poem, "The Search for Loveliness," contains a pretty idea prettily carried out; many of his lines are of quite haunting beauty, and the whole effect is satisfactory from a poetical point of view. The warmth of a vivid imagination pervades all his poems, and, as we expect from one who owes much inspiration to Greek sources, his *technique* is as a rule impeccable. A fair example of his style will be conveyed by the last stanza of the opening poem:—

The lights of Loveliness, like scattered stars
Hung in the canopy of darkness, shine.
Still it is Night. Still with her prison-bars
She hems the fire, whose burning shall refine
The dross of Earth. Then Loveliness divine
To them who seek her shall be manifest.
Yet may we now, now at her earthly shrine,
With perfect vision of her light be blest
A moment—ere it rise and shine from East to West.

A charming little New Year's lyric, some Greek translations, and a small collection of verse in humorously satirical mood are worthy of notice as completing a clever little book.

The French Revolution is the somewhat sanguinary theme of a great part of "Reaping the Whirlwind," and we may say at once that the author gives some uncommonly fine pictures of the period, which he has evidently studied closely. The verses entitled "The Connoisseur" are as gruesome as any we have read for a long time, but they are restrained judiciously, though the description of the

eager crowd round the tragedies of execution induces uneasy thrills:—

For they push you and they jostle all around the guillotine,
And the riders on their horses come and thrust themselves
between,
And the killing's done so quickly that there's nothing to be
seen.

The most powerful thing in the book, in our judgment, is a blank-verse poem of seven or eight pages concerning Robespierre, glimpsed with a sheaf of wild flowers in his hand, talking to a country girl. For some mysterious reason the wrath of the onlooker, who was about to murder him, is stayed. The impression is conveyed in a masterly fashion, and this poem alone stamps the writer as worthy of a high place. Considerable pathos is shown in a rhymed musing on the theme of the little Dauphin, but nothing in the book is better than the "Robespierre." Some melodious lyrics and some quite smart "Lay Sermons" show the author in another attractive, but less powerful, mood.

With "Irvine," who appears to greet us from Australia, we have to find a few preliminary faults. The didactic method, and the too frequent use of the vocative, mar much of his work; lucidity, too, is sacrificed to a curiously complicated construction. Very few of the poems read naturally or smoothly; the desire for an exotic word, or a familiar word employed in strange company, has proved a pitfall, and the author exploits his mysterious fancy for the capital letter in a way that puzzles the reader who wants to penetrate his meaning. One or two passages will exemplify this. In a sonnet addressed, rather unfortunately, "To Lucid Burns," he writes:—

. . . he caught
The glorious Truths wherewith the Heights are fraught,
And spent his life for Fusion, where earth-qualms
Forget the Unity that God has taught
Through Love. This is the goal all Life has sought.

In some verses entitled "Sleep's Servitors" the following cryptic stanza occurs:—

Lead they through purple-tinctured phantasy
Visioned with joy,
And veined with pulseful throbbing ecstasy,
Which they employ
As flowers their petals, so that garnering bee
Life's seeds alloy.

On page 55 we find another curious piece of writing:—

Thy Secret Thoughts are guiding hands, that lead
By their own nature. They spill fruitful seed,
And Body grows them, be they flower or weed!

This has a somewhat comic effect, as though "Body" were a rather independent sort of gardener. Why truncate so many phrases by dropping the defining article? The fault occurs time after time, and gives rise to a sensation of accumulating irritability:—"Haste we on long road;" "Bearing its standard to nearer hour;" "Started from Womb of Thought" are three more instances of this blemish. There is also more than a suspicion of the "New Thought" jargon in many of these verses. But, despite the necessity for complaint which we have indicated, the author proves himself a true poet by three or four lyrics, such as a delightful "Ode to the Wattle Bloom," sheer music, and a fine little song entitled "Enigma." These two stand from the rest of his work in surprising contrast, and we can only wish he had written more in the same vein, leaving his advice to "Be Thyself" and to "Think Noble Thoughts" to those who occupy pulpits and have small need for rhyme.

Not often do we find an idyll of modern love related with the grace and taste which Mr. John Cave brings to his

"Queen of the Fiord," a story of love at first sight and its tragic ending. Truth to tell, we like the work best when the author leaves his rather jerky rhyming for the more stately measure of blank verse; he is rather too fond of the anapaestic rhythm, which is a trap for unwary feet in more senses than one. Here and there we seem to catch clear echoes of other poets, as in the verses on page 16:—

Such men leave footsteps on the sands of Time,
And carve their names upon the solid rocks,
And live in legends and make others great,
And where they lead a host of lesser men
Follow, and creep a little nearer God.

This, after reminding us of Longfellow, glides into a very Tennysonian measure. A sequence of short poems, under the title of "Two Locks of Hair," deals with a problem which Meredith treated in "Modern Love." The plot is very well thought out and exhibited, and some of the lyrical portions show Mr. Cave at his best, although they are strangely unequal. It was hardly wise, perhaps, to attempt so grave a theme in such light stanzas, but in justice we must say that the whole effect is remarkably good. We cannot spare more space over this volume of two hundred pages, save to note that the remainder of its contents, chiefly lyrical, keep to a high level of accomplishment, and in a few instances rise to real poetry of a distinguished order.

A FRIENDLY WARNING

The Age of Folly: a Study of Imperial Needs, Duties, and Warnings. By CHARLES J. ROLLESTON. (John Milne. 5s. net.)

DURING the last few years all responsible people of well-informed and rightly-balanced minds have been conscious of a vague feeling that a critical period is approaching in the political, social, and economic status of our land. Especially has this haunting, uneasy sensation of impending national ill-health developed among true lovers of England in the last twelve or eighteen months. Socialism, the noxious weed that is ready to blossom at any hour into the poisonous nightshade, to bear its corrupt fruit of anarchy and misrule, has spread its rank growth in the most unexpected quarters, and threatens to choke and stifle the finest flowers of wise counsel and thoughtful endeavour. To the Governments of other countries who have keenly studied our history and watched our rise to the splendid position of premier world-Power, we present a problem for serious consideration; we suffer tactless legislators to chatter where they will; allow the human refuse of other capitals to settle in our very midst without the slightest attempt at control or registration, and proceed generally as though the stability of a mighty realm were a perfectly natural and permanent result of its greatness, instead of an attribute which requires the most vigilant care and the most skilful guardianship to preserve intact. It is no cause for wonder if to many acute minds the thought has occurred, as they read of the decline and fall of other historic empires, that unless some drastic reforms of our present "popular" legislative methods can be secured, the country will soon be at a crisis in her fortunes such as she has never been confronted with before.

With the praiseworthy object of emphasising this danger Mr. Charles J. Rolleston has written his critical study of our time, entitled "The Age of Folly," and at the outset we may remark that it is a book which deserves the earnest consideration of all politicians; for, although occasionally

he is inclined to employ gloomy colours too freely, his common sense is notable, and his figures, we imagine, cannot be challenged. Proceeding from introductory chapters on the lesson of Rome, of Spain, and of the Netherlands, to sketch the state of affairs in England, he paints a sad picture, part of which we may reproduce:—

Agriculture is becoming a bankrupt industry; others are vanishing or departing for foreign lands; the middle and lower classes complain of shrinking incomes, bad trade, want of employment; tens of thousands of intelligent artisans and workers are emigrating to Protectionist countries, while tens of thousands of aliens, often of a very low type, are crowding into England, taking the place of emigrants of English stock. Suicide is increasing in proportion to the population; insanity is also increasing rapidly. The birth-rate is decreasing. The virile peasantry of other days, leading a healthy country life, are rapidly diminishing in numbers, and masses of the modern English, huddled together in town purlieus, are producing a race of physical degenerates and mental defectives.

This is a lurid, and perhaps an extreme presentation; but it is perfectly true that "the Tariff Reformers can hardly adduce a better object-lesson in defence of their views than by comparing the glowing forecasts [of Cobden] with the conditions of English life after his theories have been accepted for sixty years." Where the author errs, however, is in suggesting, or rather seeming to suggest, that no other influence has been at work to produce this sorry condition of affairs. Later on in the volume he, of course, corrects himself automatically, bringing forward many flaws in public administration, and instancing various faults in our system of party Government. It is unfortunately true that while the electorate is composed of seven and a half millions of voters, in round numbers, three-fourths of these have not studied the contemporary history of their country from an Imperial standpoint, or, we might almost say, from any standpoint at all.

Turning for a moment from politics to the sphere of internal economics, a lengthy and very striking section of Mr. Rolleston's book is devoted to the enormous wastage in England of public and private moneys in more or less indiscriminate charity. Here, again, we fancy that some of the statements are rather too sweeping—as when the author says that after careful inquiries he "was completely satisfied that gross deception plays a large part in the solicitation for charitable subscriptions, and that in many cases benevolent institutions are carried on very largely for the benefit of employees connected with them; also that in the administration money is often misapplied, wasted, or even embezzled." Nevertheless, his warnings and his advice are opportune, for England is indeed the paradise of the wastrel, of the man who desires to live without working; and our present lawgivers seem intent upon making things still more comfortable for him.

With regard to the question of Socialism, there are many pertinent remarks, although the author does not definitely treat it as a burning problem of the day. His views, however, are sound, for he indicates the dangers which would overtake the country if the noisy clamouring of the agitators ever brought them their much-desired boon—the distribution of wealth: of other people's wealth, of course. If our "spending classes" were ruined, "the ruin would fall with terrific force on the masses of working men whose very maintenance must necessarily depend on those moneyed classes. The disappearance of capital would mean the wholesale disappearance of employment." This is so obviously true that it seems to demonstrate itself; and yet

it is the very fact which thousands of working men cannot, or will not, see. The point is emphasised:—

Those composing the British proletariat might look with indifference on the extinction of income pertaining to those occupying other and higher social positions. They would, however, evince less indifference if they understood the real truth, that . . . the ruin of the classes would also bring ruin to the homes of the working men themselves. There ought to be no difficulty in demonstrating this, yet, unfortunately, the working men whose votes now represent the governing force of our country do not generally understand it.

The important questions of afforestation, the revival of agriculture, the Army and the Navy, are all dealt with in due course, but it is impossible here to discuss all Mr. Rolleston's ideas at any great length. If we do not invariably agree with him, he none the less gives us food for much close thought, and as far as we can see in an attentive perusal has made few errors either in fact or deduction. One slight slip we may point out in his figures as to the importation of eggs from Denmark. "Half a billion" is the number given on p. 242, whereas it should be 500,000,000—unless, as may be the case, the word "billion" is used in the French significance. We recommend the book as a very thoughtful and timely discussion of problems which in the near future threaten to take upon themselves a vital importance in the history of our land and its empire.

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Young People. By One of the Old People. Second Edition. (Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

VARIOUS items of internal evidence, such as a smart slap at the "Christian Scientists" and a certain neat facility in reasoning, gave us hints as to the authorship of this very delightful little volume, although not until the colophon was reached did a list of books "by the same writer" divulge the secret. For the book chanced to be new to us in both senses, and most pleased we have been to wander through the digressive essays which it embodies. The hand that wrote "Confessio Medici" might be expected to provide something good in the way of gentle and pertinent philosophising, and in these chapters—written primarily for lovers of young people rather than for the young folks themselves—there are many points which appeal to us very strongly.

The sections entitled "London," "Sunday Out," and "The Run of the Streets," all of which deal with aspects of the great city or its surroundings, contain more humour and good sense with regard to the treatment of the growing boy and girl than are to be found in a dozen ordinary books of cut-and-dried instruction and "advice to parents." In the guise of one who resides with a happy family where are certain healthy, inquisitive youngsters who "want to know" all about things in general, the author distributes so many excellent musings that we are at a loss to select any for special reference. Those who think they know their London should read this book, and find how well and sympathetically it can be known, and, possibly, feel abased. "I long to be able to see London for the first time," says the author. "To come as a tourist—to see London in that spirit!"—

To find my way to Westminster Bridge, and stand amazed at the sudden beauty of the Embankment. To enter, for the first time, the Abbey. I would not lose my head and rush

into the Abbey: I would compel myself to study its exterior majesty, and the cloisters, and Dean's Yard, and the little cloister, and I would read my guide-book over the grave-stones of the Norman Abbots, and where the brethren are buried who died of the Black Death. The Abbey would be calling me, drawing me to itself, till I could no longer bear to wait. Then I would take a deep breath, and say Now, and go inside.

There is no lack of comprehension of that delicate mystery, the heart of a child, in these pages. "Decent liberty is good for children" runs the friendly counsel in chapter thirteen. "Streets are places where things happen which cannot happen at home: processions, open-air services, Saturday markets, queues outside theatres, special editions, electric sky-signs, pavement toys, shop-windows, obstructions of traffic, and all adjustments of differences between the police and the public." "I should be suspicious of any child who professed to care for the Elgin Marbles." "If I had to choose, for a child who was musical, and even for one who was not, the wisest of all music-teachers, I should choose a Promenade Concert twice a week, and St. Paul's on Sunday afternoon, with leave to come out before the sermon." That last happy touch is just the thing; no one can possibly question the author's wisdom after so acute a remark. We wish heartily that every one who has ever repulsed a child's questionings, or sent it off as a "troublesome brat" or a "little nuisance," could read this series of essays; he or she would receive lessons in tact and management which could not by any chance be tedious or give offence, since the grace of a ready pen and the relief of a genuinely humorous and tender outlook on life informs it from cover to cover.

The Fauna of British India: Coleoptera Lamellicornia. By J. G. ARROW. (Taylor and Francis.)

MOST people have no knowledge of beetles, except of the common or kitchen variety, on which they wage war ruthlessly. To such persons this book will not appeal. It is a volume of the fauna of British India, published under the authority of the Secretary of State. The fact that it is edited by Dr. A. E. Shipley, Fellow and Lecturer of Christ's College, Cambridge, joint-editor and part author of the Cambridge Natural History, &c. &c., is a guarantee of its scientific value. Mr. J. G. Arrow is the author, and Mr. Marshall has assisted in its production. It deals with the Lamellicornia, one of the best defined and most readily recognisable of the primary divisions of Coleoptera. Of the 15,000 known species about 1,300 belong to the Indian fauna; but the collections are very incomplete. The beetles of this super-family are of a primitively fossorial type, their fundamental structure has been determined by burrowing habits which more or less still persist in the majority. Their chief distinctive feature is in the antenna. These Lamellicorn beetles are remarkable for the variety of stridulating organs to be found amongst them and still more for the occurrence of these structures in the larvæ. A special characteristic is the tendency of the sexes to differ markedly in their external features. They are by no means prolific. In this work methods of classification somewhat varying from those hitherto adopted have been introduced, and it is anticipated that some of the change may not find approval. The illustrations appear to be excellent, especially two-coloured plates of the Scarabeidæ at the end. The glossary of fifty-two words might well have been amplified. To appreciate the nomenclature a knowledge of Latin and Greek is required. Does not this justify their compulsory study by scientific students?

FICTION

ESPIONAGE BY HYPNOTISM

A Waif of Destiny. By L. G. MOBERLY. (Ward, Lock, and Co. 6s.)

THE plot of this story is obvious from almost the first chapter, and it affords nothing new for the delectation of admirers of sensational fiction. Nevertheless, the interest is strongly sustained throughout, and it is probable that the book, once taken up, will not be put down again until the end is reached. It is crammed with exploits calculated to take the reader's breath away, especially those affecting the heroine, and as these generally culminate at the end of each chapter, it would seem that the story was originally written for serial publication. This heroine, the "Waif of Destiny," is a young woman of extraordinary vitality, for in the course of the narrative she is entrapped and compelled to stay a night alone with an unknown corpse, is injured in a railroad collision, and assumes the personality of a fellow-passenger who is killed, escapes from a house by climbing down a wall by the aid of a water-pipe, and is run over whilst under hypnotic influence, besides being twice an in-patient at a hospital.

The adventuress, Madame von Hagen, "so fairy-like, so dainty, so charming in her delicate fairness," is a spy in the pay of a certain foreign Power whom it is needless to mention. Though small in person, she is none the less formidable through the hypnotic power she possesses, as the following quotations will show:—

At the same moment she looked straight into his eyes with her innocent blue ones, leaning a little towards him once more as she did so. Her eyes dilated and darkened as they gazed at him, and a strange, dreamy expression slowly crept over the man's face, whilst in total silence she looked, and looked, deep into his eyes. "It—is—imperative," she repeated very slowly, after that long, long look; "you—have—the—papers—there—give—them—to—me;" each word was uttered separately, with curious emphasis, and never, for a single second, did her unflinching gaze leave his eyes. Almost mechanically, and looking at her all the time, he put his hand into his breast-pocket, and drew from it a sealed packet, which, with the same mechanical movement, he put into her hands.

Brian found himself looking into her blue eyes, which suddenly dilated and changed in a most extraordinary fashion. An odd feeling came over him that he must continue to look into her eyes, that in them he would find—something, something . . . A strange sense of being opposed by a personality, as strong as, if not stronger than, his own nearly overwhelmed him. . . . And for one long, strange moment he realised acutely that their two personalities were grappling together in a silent fight.

But, unlike the shady, unscrupulous Sir Matthew Barnes, to whom our first quotation refers, Brian Merivale successfully resists the adventuress. He is everything that an English gentleman should be, and we think the best-drawn character in the book, which, with the additional aid of a kind aunt, a stagey villain, a bloodthirsty, murderous dwarf, and a host of other characters, provides sufficient material for half a dozen stories. Strange to relate, the ubiquitous detective does not once put in an appearance. In her usual able style, Miss Moberly has made use of most of the stock phrases which are recognised as the peculiar property of the sensational novelist. We quote a few:—

"He paused and glanced before and behind him with a swift, searching look." "Again came that chuckling sinister laugh." "For the electric light shone full upon a dark,

deep stain." "A man who . . . paused for a moment almost as if he were listening to the silence."

A feat which we venture to suggest achieves the impossible. For those who relish this sort of fare Miss Moberly's book is the very thing.

A Large Room. By MRS. HENRY DUDENEY. (Heinemann. 6s.)

IN "A Large Room" Mrs. Henry Dudeney has given us a very able book, but a very bitter one. There is no joy in it, no divine carelessness, and very little faith in the value of everyday human nature. The story tells of a very innocent poetical and friendless girl, and her trials at the successive hands of a stepmother, a blasé and despicable man of the world, who betrays her by a mock marriage, and a stupid and fleshy husband, with whom she thinks to find peace. Amaza Meeks is first shown to us as a queer, precocious child, who walks daily with her nurse in the gardens of the square where she lives, and talks with other children of her class without much liking them or being liked by them. She has one friend—Sebastien Gooch—a very wise youngster; in after years he becomes a High Church Rector, and stifles his love for Amaza by his belief in celibacy for his Order. The children in the gardens, with their snobbish talk, are splendid, and, despite an occasional unnatural cleverness in the conversations of Amaza and Sebastien, we think the long and full prologue the most enjoyable part of the book. Afterwards, when Amaza is grown up and her father is dead, the story becomes sad and bitter, and remains so to the end, with but short interludes of comedy.

The mere recital of the plot of this book would give a melodramatic impression which the reader will not derive from it. Mrs. Dudeney is a very subtle artist; so finely does she handle the most familiar incident that, while one is reading her book, originality seems a very small virtue. Her comedy is better than her tragedy, which is apt to be feverish. The servants, the second Mrs. Meeks—a fine example of the female philistine—her two athletic and otherwise lifeless daughters, Marcia, the priggish young widow, lately bereaved, and many sketches by the way, are all creations of pure and delightful humour. Mrs. Dudeney's male characters are like those of other women writers; one sees only the outside of them, and the best fall short of the least of her women. Nevertheless, they live, and one at least, Amaza's Nonconformist father, who appears only in the prologue, is a very convincing portrait. He is also one of the few lovable people in the book. If we might make a criticism of Mrs. Dudeney's style, we would say that it is too abrupt. Her use of the general "you" is excessive also, and there are a few touches of downright bad grammar which might have been avoided. "Such a much finer specimen," and "wouldn't have dared left" are bad. But these things do not seriously detract from the merits of a very clever book. The meaning of the title, by the way, is a mystery beyond our understanding.

The Soul of India: an Eastern Romance. By O. SCHULTZKY. (Wm. Süsserott, Berlin. 3 marks 50.)

THIS little brochure—evidently a translation from the German—is such a mixture of fiction and politics, of mystery and molecules, that it is difficult to give any brief and intelligible account of it. Under the strange designation of "The Soul of India," a silver monkey idol, which had descended from an Indian race of higher culture more than twenty thousand years ago, belongs to Champa, an Oodeypore Princess (educated incognito at Girton); it climbs up

the mizzen-mast of a steamer, jumps into the brine under hypnotic hallucination, travels to Trikasht, the "Indian Rome," and is restored in gold to its owner by Mom, the arch-plotter, though no one could elucidate the marvellous metamorphosis. But it has no connection with the story, which describes a plot worked by a few conspirators, including Champa, Merlin, Mom, and others. They entrap the Viceroy and the principal officials to a party on a steamer at Calcutta, where Mom and his assistants hypnotise them all, carry them off to sea, and make them commit many absurdities. The sea voyage takes them to Rangoon and Colombo, where the plot fizzles out rather tamely, and India goes on much as before. But the conversations between the *dramatis personæ* turn on many psychological and speculative questions, such as Germans and Indians love. For example, "India must be governed ethically," explained Mom. "Whatever that may mean," said a British Colonel. There is much about mentality, hallucination, telepathy, hypnosis, occult licence, sublimation, which finds expression in this romantic garb, but can only convey an erroneous notion of India as it exists, or of the problems to be solved. The writer has ideas and some power of thought, but they require reduction to practical standards of existence.

Out of the Dark. By the COUNTESS OF CROMARTIE. (Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS fantastic story, quite incredible, but written as a record of actual occurrences, leaves a rather unsatisfactory impression on the reader's mind. The heroine falls in love with a very mysterious personage whom she encounters in a rock chamber below the earth's surface—"Arás, the King;" her love, it seems, will redeem him from the doom of misery which has hung over him since his exploits in long-dead ages. They live together in a very sentimental atmosphere, travel, and incur the suspicions of the conventional world. Much of the writing of the story is pretty, but the infatuation of the girl expresses itself constantly in the exclamation "My King!" while her frequent references to the slender, steely hands of her lover and to his embraces become very tiring. Orient and Occident, with an added element of confusion in the "past" from which Arás suffers, do not commingle at all well in these pages, and the book disappoints in another way, for the reader continually expects a climax which never arrives.

THE THEATRE

"THE PIPER" AT THE ST. JAMES'S

IF we had witnessed a performance of Mr. F. R. Benson's Christmas production of "The Piper" at the St. James's Theatre in the last days of the old year there would have been an addition to the pathetically short list of autumn plays which mattered. The order in which this list would have run in our article in last week's number would have been thus:—"Pompey the Great," "Nobody's Daughter," and "The Piper." We saw the last-named play this week. We hope to see it again before it is withdrawn from the St. James's Theatre, and every Christmas for many years. It is a play which, like "Peter Pan," should be a perennial. Parents should be privileged to take their children to see it every Christmas. Among the list of Christmas productions—a list which goes back for twenty years—it stands out alone. It is infinitely more poetical, immeasurably more beautiful, and very much more moving than its only rival, "Peter Pan." "The Piper" does not belong to the same school as

Mr. Barrie's inimitable play written by a child for children. We mention it in the same breath with "Peter Pan" because it is the only Christmas play which is worthy of the honour. "The Piper" is written by a poet for children, and both "Peter Pan" and "The Piper" should belong annually not only to children, but to grown-up children. In a word, they are unique. Mr. George Alexander and Mr. F. R. Benson deserve well of the British public. "The Piper" confers honour upon the St. James's Theatre, and Miss Josephine Preston Peabody shares with "George Paston" and John Masefield the dramatic laurels of 1910.

"The Piper," Michael the Sword-eater, and Cheat-the-Devil are strolling players who wander from village to village with a sort of caravan. It is their mission in life to awaken children's laughter. They worship the sun and all the other wonders of Nature, but the Piper—an everlasting child himself—worships children more than all. It happens that he has arrived at Hamelin when it is at the mercy of a plague of rats. All the devices of the Burgomeister, of Kurt the syndic, Peter the cobbler, Hans the butcher, Axel the smith, Martin the watch, Peter the sacristan, Anselm the young priest, Old Claus the miser, and Old Ursula have been unable to prevent the storming of their houses by this great army of destroyers. Suddenly into their midst stroll the three mountebanks, oddly garbed, the Piper in a sort of motley, Cheat-the-Devil hiding his round and beardless face beneath the mask of Mephistopheles, and Michael, the perfect man—young, handsome, and honest—who pretends to eat swords. Jacobus the Burgomeister, of the wine-flushed face and mighty body, and his mercenary collection of leading townsmen eye these strangers askance. To them they are gipsies, pretenders, mere creatures whose lives are spent in amusing noisy children for pence. They button their pockets and look sharply after their goods until the Piper, who has no name, but who remembers with reverence his mother's face, hears of the town's great trouble, and offers for a thousand guilders to rid the place of all its rats. Incredulous but hopeless, Jacobus accepts the offer, and the Piper, putting his pipe to his lips, sends his quaint, alluring melody into the air and charms the rats away. He leads them to their death by drowning and returns to the town, whose cathedral bells chime thankfully, to claim his reward. With his return the curtain rises. In his absence Michael has fallen in love with Babara, daughter of Jacobus, and he finds, without astonishment, that the men of Hamelin, now untroubled by the plague, regard the stipulated reward as altogether out of proportion to the deed performed. But the Piper insists upon the reward in full, and when he is finally offered fifteen guilders in all he is so hurt at the dishonesty, meanness, and treachery of the townsmen whom he has rescued that he waits until they and their wives have gone into the Cathedral to kneel in thanksgiving, and then puts his pipe to his lips. From all parts of the town, from houses big and small, from supper-table and from bed, child after child, girl and boy, come creeping on tip-toe to the irresistible call, until there is not one, however small, that is not dancing beneath the pipe. And then, as mothers and fathers kneel before the altar and the organ of the Cathedral swells in thanksgiving, the quaint melody of the wooden pipe passes from the market-place into the open country and is heard no more, and with it have gone the children. Before its appeal has died away the acolytes are caught by it, and fly from the church to follow, pursued by the outraged sacristan, and when the sound has faded into the distance the square fills with distraught fathers and mothers, whose cries of terror and despair drown the chiming bells.

The children are led to a beautiful cave inside the Hollow Hill, and here, with all their feeling for adventure alive, the Piper, a great child among children, works his charm upon

them, a charm as simple as it is irresistible. He makes himself young again. He pipes and dances and tells stories until sleep puts dust into all their eyes, and in their sleep awful dreams come to them. Their fathers assume horrible personalities and threaten; their mothers are forgotten. They wake gladly enough to find themselves in what appears to be fairyland, ruled over by their friend the Piper, whom they love and trust. For all that he pipes and laughs, tells stories, and doles out food, the fatherless Piper is on tenterhooks of anxiety. Where are Michael and Cheat-the-Devil—Michael, who is held to Hamelin by the eyelashes of Babara, and Cheat-the-Devil, who is a timid and nervous youth? They may betray his hiding-place and bring down upon Hollow Hill all the angry parents of the children he has won. Cheat-the-Devil comes, but Michael lags behind, so the Piper goes forth to find him, leaving his beloved little ones in the care of the man who wears the purple of the enemy of mankind. It is on the crossways where silver birch-trees try to shelter with their delicate limbs the outstretched figure of Christ from sun and rain that the Piper finds Michael. The sword-eater has a breaking heart, for Babara, who has captured it, is to be sacrificed by all the mothers and fathers of Hamelin as an offering. In order that God may restore their children, the beautiful girl, ripe for motherhood, is even at that moment being led to a convent in the valley, there to be hidden from the world, and left to eke out her life behind the grill. Michael implores the Piper to charm the children back to Hamelin so that Babara may be saved. The Piper refuses. "Those Hamelin mothers and fathers," he says, "do not understand the very rudiments of parenthood. To them children are not the living rays of the sun, but are merely instruments to provide them with roof and meat in old age." He will keep the children, lead them to the place, through all the beauties of Nature, where the rainbow touches the earth. They are his children. He is their father and mother. He loves them all, especially Jan, the lame boy, the only son of Veronica, wife of Kurt the syndic, whom he wishes to carry upon his shoulders for ever. Up the winding path through the forest of firs, with their shadows flung behind them, chanting and priest-led come Babara, dressed as a bride, and all the weeping parents and grown-up children. The Piper and Michael hide behind the Calvary, the Piper having undertaken to rescue the girl. High above the chanting sounds the thin, alluring note of the pipe. The priest and acolytes, men, women and maidens, still chanting, dance to the air, bewildered, almost blinded. So long as the pipe plays, on they go dancing, down the hill to the convent. But Babara remains. The Piper, laughing and triumphant, stands in front of them, Michael trembling with love. It is, however, the Piper to whom Babara turns with outstretched arms, the Piper to whom she murmurs loving words. Laughter dies from the Piper's lips and passionate anger blazes in the eyes of Michael. "No, no!" cries the man without a name, the fatherless man; "not for me your loving words." Amazed and disconcerted, smarting under the accusations of treachery from Michael, the Piper then fills a horn cup with water from the well, makes it into a love potion, and gives it to Babara. She drinks, and, seeing Michael for the first time, goes into his arms. The Piper with a smile blesses them and watches them as they disappear together lost to everything, even to the beauty of the setting sun, but themselves. Just as he is about to return eagerly to his children the tinkle of a cow-bell holds his steps. Weeping and calling for Jan, comes Veronica, wife of Kurt. She sees the Piper as he is slipping away behind the figure of the Lonely Man upon Whose face Jan was so anxious to see a smile. The broken-hearted woman flings herself at the Piper's feet and begs for her little boy. The Piper is adamant. The broken-hearted mother's appeal

stirs him and pains him, but how can he make an exception? How, in any case, can he give up the best loved of all his stolen family? He tells her that Jan, like the rest, is happy and crutchless, and never once has spoken the word mother, and at last, utterly broken, the woman goes back to Hamelin to her empty nest. The Piper turns gleefully, and is once more about to rush back to his children when his eyes fall upon the figure of the Lonely Man, Who wears no smile upon His face. He stops and argues with Him. He pleads that he may retain the children. The light has faded. The moon comes up and a beam finds its way through the sheltering arms of the silver birches to the Saviour's face. The Piper looks into it, draws back, receives His command for the restoration of the little ones, his love for whom the Lonely Man shares, and bows in obedience.

Back in Hamelin Old Ursula is croaking that there will never again be young life in the market-place. One by one fathers and mothers come out with hanging heads and quivering voices. The priest leaves the Cathedral to give the last rites to the dying Veronica. Old Jacobus, whose daughter has been charmed away, comes for sympathy, and it is into the midst of these people that Michael and Babara suddenly appear hand in hand. Babara had been conducted forth as a bride. She returns a wife. The angry fathers and mothers surround the friend of the man who stole their children. Violence is about to be used, when silence falls upon them all. An unexpected sound has reached their ears. It is the shrill laughter of boys and girls. Nearer and nearer it comes, mixed with the pattering of feet. Trembling, and hardly able to believe their ears, men and women fall back and wait. Into the square, running, laughing, gambolling, troop the children of Hamelin, and spring into their parents' arms. Finally comes the Piper with little Jan upon his shoulders. After relief comes anger. He is buffeted and pushed from man to woman. He asks for Veronica. He is told by the priest that her soul is passing, and rushes to her window to implore her to stay. He has brought back Jan. He cannot believe that it is too late. He will not believe it. And then to the window all in white comes Veronica. She opens it, and the Piper catches up the crippled boy and places him into her eager arms. Once more she hears the word mother, and is asked to admire the winged slippers which the Piper placed upon his crippled feet in fairyland, the slippers which had rendered the crutch unnecessary. Where is the Piper going? Back to the road, the long, winding road. He has piping to do. But before he goes Jan has a request. Will the Piper place the winged slippers at the feet of the Lonely Man, so that His face may wear a smile at last? The Piper does so, stands facing the children, who are his no longer, and without a smile passes on his way.

From so inadequate a description as this it will be impossible to gather more than the faintest indication of the beauty, the charm, the humour, the irresistible and exquisite poetry of this play. We do not ever remember to have seen anything upon the stage in this country or the Continent so deserving of preservation as "The Piper." It is beautifully mounted and played to perfection. In the hands of Mr. F. R. Benson the nameless man lives and breathes. This actor, so rarely seen in London, from whose company the London stage has been recruited for many years with all its most intelligent actors and actresses, and whose whole life has been devoted to providing provincial playgoers with admirable representations of Shakespeare's masterpieces, brought to bear upon his part a personality and a refinement of elocution, an elusive and indescribable sense of beauty and poetry, second only to that of Mr. Forbes Robertson. From a long cast, every member of which was excellent, we must select Mr. Eric Maxon, Mr. Alfred Wild, Mr. Alfred Brydone, Mr. J. M. Johnston, Mr. Nigel Barrie, Mr. Murray

Carrington, Miss Hetty Kenyon, Miss Violet Fairbrother, Miss Ellen Aickin, and Miss Marion Terry, whose performance of Veronica was very beautiful indeed. Mr. Christopher Wilson's overture and incidental music were quite worthy of the play. We offer our sincere congratulations to Mr. F. R. Benson for having provided London with such a gem, and we trust that playgoers generally, and all who can appreciate what is best and most beautiful in the drama, will give him their support.

MISS EDYTH WALKER AT THE "PALLADIUM"

To Charles Lamb the giving of oratorios in a theatre was a "profanation of the purposes of the cheerful playhouse," and to such fogeys as look back with something of regret to the old-time music-hall with its wealth of tumblers and conjurers and tricksters, its merry comicalities and its refreshing freedom from the pretence of being anything but what it was—a place to be amused in—to such fogeys the new type of entertainment to which we are invited, instead of the old music-hall, may not improbably give an Elian feeling of disappointment. For the thrilling wizard who brought many more rabbits out of his pocket-handkerchief than the lady in Hogarth's picture did out of her petticoats, we have a popular actor and "his full company;" for the Frères Zemganno we have a prima-donna of the first rank in selections from Wagner. It is all a little mixed and disturbing, for we are constrained to admit that some of the more inane and unamusing features of the old music-halls are still to be found flourishing in the most modern of our Variety Palaces. "La variété, c'est le poivre de la vie," said the shrewd old philosopher; and we used to think it an admirably true saying. But as to the bewildering variety of these up-to-date programmes we begin to have our doubts, and will frankly confess that we should have better enjoyed our evening at the "Palladium" if Miss Walker had not been there. She is now one of our finest singers, and her performances given with the proper environment of Covent Garden opera, when our minds were attuned to sympathy with the joys of Elizabeth, and to respectful consideration for the woes of Elektra, were undoubtedly very striking. But no, we were not transported out of ourselves into the magic land of Wagner by Elizabeth's entry into a hall of song tenanted but a moment previously by the "greatest Lady Trick Cyclist in the world" (she was indeed a wonderful cyclist), nor yet by her appearance—after a Fregoli-like "quick-change"—as Adrian in the scena from "Rienzi." We tried to concentrate our attention on music and singer, to forget all that had gone before; but in vain. The remembrance of the lady cyclist's convolutions, and of the queerest little trot who had played an "Impertinente" in the ballet (she was the first portrait of Thackeray's Betsinda to the life) prevented us from taking our Wagner with the high seriousness which he requires of his listeners. It may have been our own fault; our hearing may have been dimmed; but it certainly seemed that Miss Walker was not as happy on the stage of the "Palladium" as she is on that of Covent Garden. She sang with a feverish earnestness; she was unsparing of her voice; yet it all left us cold. Elizabeth at the "Palladium" could not persuade us that she was a Princess, and no belief could be conjured up as to the mental exultation of Adrian. We speak, however, only for ourselves. The majority of the audience, more finely sensitive perhaps to operatic emotions, seemed vastly well pleased, and Miss Walker was called

many times before the curtain, amid lusty cries of "Encore!" Yet had Dr. Johnson been musical and present at this entertainment he might have addressed the audience with his celebrated "You are to consider what your flattery is worth before you bestow it." For it was hardly half an hour since this same audience had wished to "encore" a young person who had sung two verses of Tosti's "Good-bye," and in this performance all possible faults of misplaced sentiment, misused rhythm, and dragged tempo had been apparent. But these crimes are held to be virtues by the uncritical. That the introduction of great music, performed by great artists, on to the "Variety Stage" may encourage a healthy taste for what is great and good we must all hope. But we fear it will take some time.

DRURY LANE AND THE CHILDREN

WE have noticed that, in writing about pantomimes, the critics of our contemporaries usually make two rather serious mistakes. The first is the assumption that pantomime is really intended for the amusement of children, and the second (which to a certain extent is implicit in the first) is the conclusion that most pantomimes are unsatisfactory because they fail to provide the children with suitable fare. A glance at any pantomime audience should dispel the first illusion. Even at matinées the children are in the minority, while at night the disproportion is quite startling. As we remarked a few weeks ago, the real purpose of modern pantomime appears to be to give conscientious objectors to music-halls an opportunity of witnessing a music-hall entertainment without shame. It follows that, even if the second criticism were just, it would not be very important; but though we agree that the average pantomime is far removed from the ideal entertainment for children, it is at all events quite harmless, and contains a number of elements that children like. They appreciate the colour of the pageant, the papier-mâché treasures, the gilt moons and ultramarine sunsets, the jewelled and gilt scenery; they like the funny clothes and red noses and boisterous horseplay of the low comedians; they like the "little girls" in short skirts, in whom the sophisticated recognise the tired ladies of the ballet; they like, in fact, nearly all the things which writers with sentimental views on children think it necessary to condemn. As a general rule they do not care for the love-making or the singing; after a long experience of pantomimes we are prepared to say that they are right, though our reasons are not perhaps theirs. The singing in pantomimes is nearly always extremely bad, and the fact that the principal boy is always the principal girl makes the love-scenes ridiculous. The wonder is that in an entertainment that must at all costs be made attractive to adults there should be so much that gives genuine pleasure to young people.

From the days of our youth we have always had a kindness for Drury Lane Theatre, and above all for Drury Lane pantomime. The theatre has an individual atmosphere, the pantomime is not like the pantomime one sees anywhere else. In order to appreciate the size of the place it is necessary to put on a very small pair of knickerbockers and gaze upwards from the stalls between the chocolates and the ices. It is like looking into the deeps of heaven, though here the gods suck oranges and make catcalls—those fascinating sounds that our youthful lips would never achieve. Drury Lane is the only theatre that preserves the old glamour. We never enter its doors without thinking of Charles Lamb, and it would hardly astonish us if Mistress

Nell Gwynn came to greet us with her basket of China oranges, wearing that famous pair of thick worsted stockings that the little link-boy gave her to save her pretty feet from the chilblains. Outside, the image of Shakespeare leans on its pedestal, sadly contemplative of the grey roofs of Covent Garden. The porters who carry about bunches of bananas, unconsciously reproducing the pictures of Mr. Frank Brangwyn, do not concern themselves with the poet's passionate dreams of the whitely wanton, wherein they show more discretion than Mr. Andrew Lang. If Shakespeare ever slips down from his perch to watch a scene or two of the pantomime from the shadows of the auditorium, he must wonder a little at our twentieth-century masques. Like the children, he would probably appreciate the splendid colour and brightness of the spectacle, and, having been an actor himself, he would perhaps pardon the actors' cheerful neglect of the rights of the dramatist. For modern pantomime is a business of strongly contrasted individualities rather than the product of blended and related effort. This is especially true of Drury Lane, whose stage at this season of the year is always crowded with vaudeville Napoleons and musical-comedy Cleopatras. In detail the pantomime is excellent; as an artistic entity it does not exist.

At first sight this seems rather a pity. Given a wonderfully appointed stage, gorgeous mounting, a fine orchestra, and a number of gifted performers, it is natural to expect that the result should be more than the mere sum of these units. But, as a matter of fact, pantomime is essentially formless. Those critics who clamour for straightforward versions of the old nursery stories would be vastly disappointed if they got what they wanted. The old stories are well enough when told by firelight in the nursery after tea of a winter's evening. But they lack humour, and are not, as a rule, dramatic. ("Bluebeard," of course, is a striking exception.) When a story lasting twenty minutes must be expanded to last four hours the story is bound to suffer. When, in addition, all the characters are played by performers whose strength lies in their individuality, it will be surprising if any part of the illusion created by the original fable survives at all.

"Jack and the Beanstalk" is a very good story, capable, like most good stories, of treatment in many different ways. We imagine that if Mr. Barrie had chosen to prepare it for the stage we should have had a tearful picture of Jack's mother mourning at the root of the Bean. The author of the "Blue Bird" would have pointed out to us that the Bean grew upwards and not downwards, and thereby compelled us to realise the significance of Jack with his climbing-irons. At Drury Lane they avoided the sentimental though not wholly the symbolic aspect of the legend. There was a magic harp that puzzled us dreadfully, even though it was no more than a part of a Boy-Scout's dream. We do not believe that Boy-Scouts ever dream of magic harps. But this and a bunch of fairies out of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" apart, we found the new version very satisfactory. There were plenty of moments in it to please a child, especially the boots and hand of the giant, and there was nothing really fatuous like the enormous crystal slipper they have provided for poor Cinderella at the Lyceum. Then for adults there are the subtle humours of Mr. George Graves, who may, if you will, speak the words of Mr. Arthur Roberts with the voice of Mr. Dan Leno, but seems to us extremely original and extremely amusing nevertheless. There are other clever comedians; there are comely females; there is an admirable cow. The scenery, especially the growing beans, is as good as it can be. What more can anybody want? We shall go again next year.

SOME NEW FRENCH BOOKS

THE Académie Goncourt has just awarded its annual prize. This year the fortunate laureate is M. Louis Pergaud, who certainly deserves the honour that has been conferred upon him, as his book "De Goupil à Margot: Histoires de Bêtes" ranks among the best animal stories ever written, and contains some very exact observation and delicate pathos. M. Pergaud has devoted his attention to the study of the wild beasts of the woods, and all the tales contained in "De Goupil à Margot" are delightful. We are alternately amused and saddened by the adventures they record. The book might appropriately bear as sub-title "The Animals' Martyrology." Man, as seen from the point of view of the author's furry and feathery heroes and heroines, certainly appears the most despicable animal in creation.

Of course, English readers of this book must not search for any affinity—except that of a deep love for our dumb brothers—between M. Louis Pergaud and some of the great English or American writers on animals—such as, for instance, Ernest Seton-Thompson or Rudyard Kipling. M. Pergaud's work is thoroughly French; it differs in thought, conception, and style from the English. It is, perhaps, less true to nature than Seton-Thompson's creations, but it is infinitely more tender; it is far less virile or beautiful than Kipling's Jungle-books, but in certain aspects is much more graceful. It is very personal, and for that reason interesting.

It is generally exceedingly painful to hear French or Continental people criticise England, and it occasionally becomes a positive suffering when they venture to publish a book containing the results of their misleading observations. It is, therefore, specially interesting to note M. André Chevrillon's last work, "Nouvelles Études Anglaises," which contains some of the best critical essays on England and English-speaking countries that we have seen. They are, moreover, expressed in beautiful French, and written in a sober and faultless style. That M. Chevrillon should thus understand and depict English life, thought, and psychology is not astonishing when we remember that he is the nephew of Taine—Taine who applied the positive method to literary criticism and history, and who also wrote that wonderful "Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise" and "Notes sur l'Angleterre," and in whom we find the strength, imagination, and humour which are also characteristic, though in a lesser degree, of M. Chevrillon's prose.

One of the finest of these "Nouvelles Études Anglaises" is that entitled "La Psychologie d'un Couronnement," written in 1902—a Frenchman's analysis of the various states of the English mind during the festivities of the Coronation of the late King. "La Jeunesse de Ruskin" is also another intensely interesting article, in which the author retraces with great conscientiousness and evident care for precision of detail the youth of the great critic. It is a delightful study, written with an undercurrent of complete sympathy with and understanding of the great man's personality and genius which considerably add to its charm. M. Chevrillon's serious but withal exceedingly captivating work contains several other essays; all are equally imbued with penetration and observation. In short, "Nouvelles Études Anglaises" should have a real success in England.

"La Vagabonde" is Mme. Colette Willy's latest novel, and was even proposed for the Prix Goncourt, which fell to Louis Pergaud. In it the author describes the tribulations of a young woman who, having divorced a most despicable husband, becomes a music-hall dancer and *mime*. The heroine, Renée Néré, manages to retain a certain distinction, and does not become *encanaillée*, though she affects no prudery, which, be it said, would be sadly out of place in the smoky, dingy *coulisses* of the fourth-rate music-hall in

which she dances. One night a rich young man, a *cercleux* as is styled that particular kind of Parisian idler, presents himself at the door of her *loge*, after a representation during which she has mimicked a most violent and suggestive dance, and gives her to understand with a most brutal frankness the passionate admiration he feels for her, and the very unplatonic nature of his desires. Renée has him put out; but ultimately they meet again, and even become friends. Max, the young man, nearly succeeds in making himself loved. He ventures to propose marriage to Renée, who will not hear of it. She starts on a professional tour in the provinces, the last she will ever take before going to live with Max, but while travelling thus finds herself removed from the influence of her would-be lover. She realises that she is a vagabond, a stray, and the prospect of the comfortable, settled, and quiet life her existence with Max, even if irregular, would be, fills her with distress. This repulsion grows on her so that at the end of her tour, instead of returning to the man who is confidently waiting for her, she hides in a village, with Fossette, her dog, and Blondine, her maid, before starting on a long journey in South America. "La Vagabonde" is well written, and is flavoured with a certain ironical humour. There are some exquisite sketches of scenery, some amusing paintings of life behind the scenes of a popular Parisian *café-concert*; scattered here and there are some very true analyses of the sort of defiance and disdain the heroine feels for those belonging to the class of society she has voluntarily abandoned. "La Vagabonde" would have gained greatly however, if the author had shortened or even omitted some of the love-scenes, which are repeated rather too often in the course of the work.

M. Maurice de Waleffe, in his last study, "Héloïse, Amante et Dupe d'Abélard," has declared that his work constitutes the "end of a legend." Abélard is rather brutally deposed from the pedestal he occupied until now as type of the long-suffering lover. Héloïse, on the contrary, benefits by the author's deepest sympathy; she is presented to us as a beautiful, cultivated, and naïve damsel of seventeen, who fell an innocent prey to the machinations of a selfish, sensual pedant. If the affirmation made by M. de Waleffe is correct—and it is probably so, as it is based on the many documents of the time, such as, for example, some of Abélard's own letters—then Abélard's memory is in great danger of being regarded with something closely approaching to disgust! M. de Waleffe's book is written in the bright, clever style which characterises some of his earlier works, as "Les Paradis de l'Amérique Centrale"—which, by the way, is soon going to be published in an English translation. Though "Héloïse, Amante et Dupe d'Abélard" may not be precisely a book for young girls, it is almost certain that those who take an interest in medieval questions will read this captivating study with great pleasure, as it contains some exceedingly curious descriptions of the life, thought, morals, customs, and dress of the France of the *moyen-âge*.

MARC LOGÉ.

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE was born in Paris in the year 1821. He has often been called the poet of decadence. If by this vague and much misused term we understand that instinct which leads men to wander into the realms of the artificial and the morbid, towards the antithesis of the simplicity and almost crude brutality of classical ideals, or to contemplate the beauties of a decaying civilisation for their inspiration, then Baudelaire has merited the title. For he took as his doctrine that the development of human intelligence and the constant wandering of man farther and farther from the primitive sources of nature, together with the complexity of

his insatiable desires, have rendered the naïve simplicity of classic art unsuitable to express his present sentiments and sense of beauty. Baudelaire has known how to penetrate ever deeper and deeper into the muddy, obscure haunts of modern life, and from the refuse-heap of humanity has picked a wonderful poetry of vice, crime, and decay. His style is complicated and ornamental, while his vocabulary is rich and varied. This is but a corollary of what we have already pointed out. For how could he paint, with the simple style and vocabulary of a classic poet, the mysterious complexity of the modern character, those poisoned cankers which eat into the virgin freshness of an over-civilised mind, or sound the multi-coloured chords of human fantasy raised by centuries of luxury and indulgence? It is this necessity which drove him to search among the unplucked blossoms of his language for fit words to express the paradoxical sentiments which he paints. He has himself declared that he preferred the florid Latin of the decaying Roman Empire and the wild adornments of the Byzantine Empire to the simplicity of the times of Greek and Roman greatness.

Now as to Baudelaire himself, this great landmark on the threshold of modern art. His outward appearance was almost English in its pleasing simplicity; his mind never lost its mathematical balance even in its wildest wanderings among the tortuous paths of perverted human sentiments, and his poems are perfect in their form. He was in a sense the disciple of Théophile Gautier, the great founder of the doctrine of "l'art pour l'art," or Art for art's sake. Gautier had started life as a painter and afterwards became a poet. But the painter's instinct never deserted him, and he strove to make of poetry a plastic art. For Gautier and his disciples a poem which was written with a moral or doctrinal end in view lost its position as a work of art, as the one object of the poet should be the almost plastic portrayal of pure beauty. Baudelaire was in fact a disciple of Gautier, but his poems have a depth of feeling and analysis which is altogether lacking in the essentially superficial beauties of Théophile Gautier's creations. The great service which this school rendered to French poetry was the perfection of its form, and this is particularly noticeable in the works of Baudelaire. Baudelaire's was a great mind, which scorned the petty commonplaces and platitudes of every-day life. In an age of action his restless, ever-penetrating genius would have driven him to conquer continents and rush him ultimately to Napoleonic ruin. Forced to inaction, his mind wandered away from the trivial and the apparent to explore the dangerous channels of perverted human passions. He penetrated beyond the veil of hypocrisy, and dissected the human mind before an astonished world, laying bare all the sores and cankers of corruption which eat in to the soul of over-civilised man. He scorned the smiling bourgeois landscapes of Parisian suburbs; the homely gardens filled with the simple violet and forget-me-nots and conventional rows of trees. His spirit longed for great tropical landscapes; for forests strewn with rich-scented orchids, and hung with crimson, juice-filled fruit; for suns which burnt in cloudless, amethyst skies; for the long, oily swell of equatorial oceans, where no breath of wind disturbed the virgin freshness of the deep blue waters; for stretches of sand where the humming of countless insects and the monotonous boom of the ever-breaking waves served to lull the languorous repose of this dreamer of wild dreams. He loved those dark beauties who scarcely veiled their athletic charms beneath the folds of some brilliant-coloured cashmere. He loved those richly-scented Southern landscapes where the sun sets in a glorious blaze of crimson, copper, and gold, and where its last rays draw a trail of blood across the ever-deepening blue of the ocean.

His wild fantasy, with its grim, despairing reactions, drove his great mind to seek for satisfaction in that "artificial Paradise" which the fumes of hashish call up in the imagination. His poems themselves are like some wild mysterious, and fever-haunted dream. Baudelaire's predominating sense was that of smell. He said of himself:—"Mon âme voltige sur les parfums comme l'âme des autres voltige sur la musique." But here again to the delicate scent of the violet and the rose he preferred dangerous, feverish perfumes such as oliban, myrrh, and even the sickly, voluptuous musk—the perfume of crime and prostitution. He also had a great affection for cats. Their gentle, quiet mystery charmed him. He wondered at the calm, intelligent scorn in their eyes, and at the mysteries of their nightly roamings among the dim and horrible shades which haunt the dark. Of the poet's love affairs we know little, for he seldom talked about his feelings, and never of his life. But from his poems and the nature of his mind we can infer that the woman he loved must always have been an ideal—a vague and beautiful figure which floated in the ever-changing mists of his fantasy. Personal and individual love was hardly possible for this great searcher towards the mysterious and the vague. It savours too much of brutal definition. The atmosphere of mystery which he loved would have vanished had he concentrated all the rays of his affection and analysis on one living object. Paul Verlaine has expressed this type of idealistic, never-satisfied love in his poem which begins:—

Je fais souvent ce rêve étrange et pénétrant
D'une femme inconnue, et que j'aime, et qui m'aime,
Et qui n'est, chaque fois, ni tout à fait la même
Ni tout à fait une autre, et m'aime et me comprend.

Baudelaire in his tropical voyages had loved some dark Beatrice of the forests, and in his poems he constantly refers to this dark vision of his dreams.

When Baudelaire published his collection of poems entitled "Les Fleurs du Mal," they created little short of a sensation in the Parisian literary world. The poet introduces his bouquet of wild poisonous blossoms with a poem to the reader in which he penetrates into his inmost soul, and lays bare the wild, insatiable desires and hectic dreams which lie hidden beneath a veneer of hypocrisy and dissimulation. And then we enter on this wonderful collection of poetic gems. At one moment Baudelaire leads us through the mud and prostitution of a great city, and the next soars with us far above the clouds towards the realms of joy and light. Now he paints some woman full of beauty and life, and the next some poor, lost soul lying dead among the tawdry ruins of her splendour. Now he sees some poor forsaken, ill-fed beggar-maid, wandering among the haunts of drunkenness and vice; then in his imagination he clothes her in the silk of prosperity, and covers her with the kisses of admiring Paris. He describes in "Les petites vieilles" how he used to follow poorly-clad and wasted old women through the dusk of the streets, and used to mark the soul which still lived within these dilapidated forms; and how as he watched them he would weave beautiful dreams of the splendours which had once been theirs. In his poem "Le Masque" he paints a lovely woman, before whose beauty all the world bows down; then snatches from her face the disguise of smiles, and finds a visage bathed in tears beneath. He ends with the beautiful lines:—

Mais pourquoi pleure-t-elle? Elle, beauté parfaite
Qui mettrait à ses pieds le genre humain vaincu,
Quel mal mystérieux ronge son flanc d'athlète?
Elle pleure, insensée, parce qu'elle a vécu!
Et parce qu'elle vit! Mais ce qu'elle déplore
Surtout, ce qui la fait frémir jusqu'aux genoux,
C'est que demain, hélas! il faudra vivre encore!
Demain, après-demain et toujours!—Comme nous!

No poet has ever known better than Baudelaire how to sum up a whole age, a whole life and world of feeling, in a few lines. In his poem "L'homme et la Mer" he epitomises the relations of man and the ocean in the lines:—

Et cependant voilà des siècles innombrables
Que vous vous combattez sans pitié ni remords,
Tellement vous aimez le carnage et la mort,
O lutteurs éternels, ô frères implacables.

His "Don Juan aux Enfers" is one of the finest poems of all times. In five short verses he sums up all the figures in that great tragedy of almost superhuman cynicism. The sombre and proud beggars grip with joy the oars to row Don Juan towards the shades. The unhappy victims of his promises raise a cry of despair as he passes, and bare their breasts as if to show the life-blood flowing from their pierced hearts. Then comes the verse:—

Sganarelle en riant lui réclamait ses gages,
Tandis que Don Luis avec un doigt tremblant
Montrait à tous les morts en haut sur les rivages
Le fils audacieux qui railla son front blanc.

Doña Elvira seems even in death to smile with hopeful love at her destroyer:—

Frisonnant sous son deuil, la chaste et maigre Elvire,
Près de l'époux perfide et qui fut son amant
Semblait lui réclamer un suprême sourire
Où brillât la douceur de son premier serment.

But Don Juan preserves his cynical indifference even on his journey across the Styx, and the poem ends with the two lines:

Mais le calme héros, courbé sur sa rapière,
Regardait le sillage et ne daignait rien voir.

And now the varied genius of the poet shows a scene of modern life and crime. In "Une Martyre" he leads us to a haunt of luxury, where a table is spread with flowers and rich wine, and the air is filled with dangerous heavy perfumes which oppress. We penetrate beyond the arras, and there, decked out in all her splendour, the mistress of the feast lies dead in careless pose—the murdered victim of unquenchable desire.

S. A.-B.

(To be continued.)

THE AUTHOR OF THE MOST FAMOUS ENGLISH JOKE

By FRANK HARRIS.

EVERY one admits that *Punch's* advice to those about to be married is probably the most famous joke in English, and certainly the best known. It is quoted almost every day as the best joke that has appeared in *Punch*, and in some degree has made that paper's reputation for humour.

Again and again when I have asked who was the author of the *mot*, I obtained no satisfactory answer. It is a tradition of the *Punch* office, it appears, that some one on the staff sent in the joke; it was not accepted for some time, and then was inserted long after every one had forgotten who coined it. This story seemed incredible. I have always held the belief that the great phrases all come from great men, that all the beautiful images of our language, all the beautiful words in it, were made at some time or other by men of genius. And the other day I discovered that the

author of this memorable joke was Charles Reade, the writer of "The Cloister and the Hearth."

I do not know when the word first appeared in *Punch*, but a comedy by Charles Reade in which the phrase occurs was published in Paris in 1859. I feel certain that *Punch* borrowed without acknowledgment from Charles Reade, not Charles Reade from *Punch*.

Of course, if the joke had appeared in an English book of Reade's, in any of his novels or plays, it would be certain that he was the author of it. But it has not adorned any of his English works; it is to be found in a comedy written in French entitled "Le Faubourg Saint-Germain," a little piece in two acts which I have only just seen, through the courtesy of Charles Reade's niece; she is now in possession of all his famous note-books, and is perhaps the only person living who knew him intimately.

Very few people know that Reade was a first-rate French scholar. His style in French resembles his style in English, is excellently lucid and idiomatic, pointed with wit and epigram. In his lifetime Charles Reade admired the French even more than Meredith did. In spite of the brilliant language in which it is written, this little comedy could never be a success on the stage. The action is worse than slight; it is far-fetched and improbable.

The time is in 1792; the persons of the piece are the Duke de Lanzac and the Duchess de Lanzac; they live their lives in different apartments in the same house. The Duke is bored with everything, and the Duchess is unhappy because she loves her lord and master, who seeks to relieve his ennui by running after other women. The action of the piece is concerned with a M. Poitevin, a lawyer of Tours, cousin to the Duchess, who seeks to effect a reconciliation between the pair with the aid of a clever valet. M. Poitevin, who is not known to the Duchess, wins her confidence by feigning interest in her flowers, and then kisses her. She tells the Duke and asks him to turn the insolent visitor out of the house; jealousy lights up the dormant passion of the Duke, and brings about a reconciliation.

The whole comedy leads up to, and is indeed written for, the famous joke at the end. M. Poitevin comes down to the footlights with an air of profound reflection and announces: "Advice to those who are going to be married: Don't!"

I give the exact French words:—

"Avis à ceux qui vont se marier." (Pause.) "Ne le faites pas." (Il se retourne et remonte la scène, la Duchesse le suit, le reprend et le fait redescendre.)

LA DUCHESSE—Ah! traître! (Au public.) Ne l'écoutez pas, au moins!

POITEVIN (s'avançant encore)—Avis à ceux qui se sont mariés!

LA DUCHESSE—A la bonne heure!

POITEVIN—Ne soyez qu'un. (Il joint leurs mains derrière son dos, puis avance deux pas.) C'est ce qu'il vous reste de mieux à faire, je vous le jure! (Il se retire auprès de la Duchesse.)

It is evident from the way it is put that Reade appreciated the whole force of the joke. He either took it from *Punch* and wrote his comedy on purpose to set it forth in French, or else his comedy was read by some one who took his joke and put it in *Punch*. I believe that *Punch* is the plagiarist and not Charles Reade. A comparison of dates will settle the matter. Reade's comedy was published in 1859; when did the famous joke appear in *Punch*? Perhaps the editor will supply that piece of information.

The whole question is one of interest, for Reade, in my opinion, was the greatest of English novelists, and the joke in *Punch* is perhaps the most famous *jeux d'esprit* in the language.

THE ANARCHIST ENEMY—I.

It was perhaps only natural that the Houndsditch murders and their remarkable sequel in Sidney Street should have been followed by a revival of some of the fallacies respecting Anarchism which have been current ever since that movement declared itself. Some journalists still seem to imagine that it has a real organisation with a governing body, which is supposed to meet in London, whence orders, it is said, are issued for one or another outrage in different parts of the world. It has also been asserted yet once again that the assassinations both of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria and of President Carnot were planned in London, though the evidence respecting those crimes fully shows that such was not the case. At the same time, however, the presence of so many Anarchist refugees in our midst undoubtedly constitutes a real and very serious danger in regard both to ourselves and to foreign nations also.

Nihilism and Anarchism are virtually synonymous terms. The former originated in Russia, the latter in France, where it was made familiar some sixty years ago by the writings of Proudhon, the Socialist. But the sect may claim a much earlier origin. Its views found exponents during the risings in England in the fourteenth century, and among the German Anabaptists two hundred years later. The nineteenth and twentieth century Anarchist is, however, more particularly the offspring of some of the "philosophy" current during the French Revolution. Jean Jacques Rousseau, Abbé Meslier, and Diderot may be counted among the modern Anarchist's progenitors. Indeed, his belief is almost summed up in these two lines which fell from Diderot's pen:—

La nature n'a fait ni serviteurs ni maîtres,
Je ne veux ni donner ni recevoir des lois.

Those were doctrines favoured by the Hébertists and Babouvists of the Reign of Terror. Subsequently Anarchism found French exponents in Bellegarrigue and Claude Peltier, but the movement of our own times undoubtedly proceeded from the teachings of Michael Bakúnin, the Russian Revolutionist, who, after escaping from Siberia to Japan and thence to England, there became one of the promoters of the notorious International Society of Workers founded some fifty years ago. Bakúnin's ambition clashed with that of Karl Marx, and at a Congress of the "International" held at the Hague in 1872 a split occurred between their respective followers, and Bakúnin, turning his back on Socialism, ended by evolving the theories on which the present-day Anarchist still claims to act. We admit that there are degrees of Anarchism, but beside the mere theorists there are all the more fanatical sectarians, who are associated with what is called the Propaganda by Deeds.

This has been attempted in several countries—Russia, Spain, Italy, France. In Russia, perhaps, it has only been a phase, though an extremely prominent one, in a general revolutionary movement; and in Spain it has been chiefly associated with the discontent prevailing in Catalonia. The Barcelona Revolutionaries are not all Anarchists, but belong to three parties—first, the Anarchists proper; secondly, a party which, largely for economical reasons, wishes to secure the autonomy, perhaps independence, of Catalonia; and finally, a party which desires to be united to France. This last is more numerous than some people imagine, and has representatives both in Paris and in London. However, both the party which favours autonomy and that which desires incorporation in the French Republic have joined hands with the Anarchists in more than one of the risings by which Barcelona has been given over to bloodshed, conflagration, and pillage.

It was in 1882 that the French Anarchists first began to practise the so-called Propaganda by Deeds. The great coal-mining district of Montceau-les-Mines in Saône-et-Loire was the scene of the first outrages, which were followed by others at Lyons. The rising at Fourmies on May Day, 1890, when several people were shot down by the military, had little if any connection with Anarchism, but a petty disturbance which occurred on the very same day in the outskirts of Paris led to the memorable Anarchist Terror which lasted in France until the end of 1894. It so happened that a procession of a small party of men, carrying a red flag, came into conflict with the police. There was no great affray, but several arrests were made, and two of the men, known to be Anarchists, were sentenced to long terms of hard labour. From that one affair proceeded a score of outrages. A man called Ravachol undertook to "avenge" the two imprisoned Anarchists. His real name was Koenigstein, his father being a German who had married a demoiselle Ravachol belonging to that department of the Loire where the country is so often wild and rugged, and life so hard. Ravachol was a journeyman dyer with some little knowledge of chemistry, sufficient at all events to compound nitro-glycerine and prepare dynamite cartridges. His wages not sufficing for his extravagant habits, he took to a career of crime, and it is certain that he committed several murders with the object of possessing himself of money. He butchered an old *rentier* named Rivollier and the latter's servant, he rifled the grave of the Countess de Rochetaillée, he strangled Brunel, the so-called Hermit of Chambles, and was perhaps guilty also of the murder of an old woman named Marcon and her daughter, who kept a small ironmongery business at St. Etienne. At one moment Ravachol was arrested, but he escaped from the gendarmes, and, reaching the neighbourhood of Paris, he joined some other Anarchists in stealing a large number of dynamite cartridges at Soisy-sous-Etiolles. Those cartridges helped him to perpetrate the outrages which soon afterwards threw all Paris into a state of alarm. No actual loss of life occurred, but several people were injured and considerable damage was done to property. For those affairs Ravachol was sentenced to hard labour for life, but some of the murders he had previously perpetrated being proved against him, a sentence to death ensued, and he was guillotined at Montbrison in July, 1892.

The idea, as we have said, had been to "avenge" two imprisoned Anarchists. No sooner had he been executed than there arose a succession of miscreants bent on "avenging" his death. There was Meunier, who perpetrated the tragical outrage at the Café Very; Emile Henry, who was responsible for the terrible affair of the Rue des Bons Enfants; Léauthier, who murdered the ex-Servian Minister in the Avenue de l'Opéra; and Vaillant, who flung a bomb into the midst of the Chamber of Deputies. Meunier and Léauthier escaped with sentences of transportation for life, Henry momentarily remained at large, but Vaillant was guillotined. Neither that act of vigour, however, nor the issue of three thousand perquisition warrants and the arrest of several hundred suspicious characters sufficed to stop the outrages. On February 7th, 1894, two days after the execution of Vaillant, a large branch of palm was found lying on his grave in the *coin des suppliciés* at the Ivry Cemetery, and attached to the branch was a card bearing these threatening lines:—

Sous les feuilles de cette palme
Que t'offre le Droit outragé,
Tu peux dormir d'un sommeil calme,
O martyr, tu seras vengé!

Those were no vain words, for on February 12th there was a terrible explosion at the Café Terminus, followed in March by the bomb of the Rue St. Jacques, the bomb of the

Faubourg St. Martin, and the bomb of the Madeleine. Then, in April, there was the affair of the Foyot Restaurant, and in June came the assassination of President Carnot. Of that abominable crime (which we witnessed personally) we propose to speak in a second article, when we shall also explain why it was that the authorities so long failed to stamp out the Anarchist Terror in spite of their many strenuous efforts to do so. This point is the more important as the difficulties with which they had to contend confront us in England at the present time.

LONDON BRIDGE

THERE are certain places in this English "hub of the universe" which never fail to bring a thrill to the true lover of London; history or situation or associations have given them a glamour and a peculiar charm. The open space by the Bank is one, with its marvellous surge of traffic, and to see it nearly empty, at three o'clock on a summer morning, is to realise a new aspect of the city. Trafalgar Square is another—viewed, preferably, from the portico of the National Gallery, with a vista of Whitehall in the distance. The Tower, again—stolid, strong, very British-looking and imperturbable—impresses us in its own rather solemn way; but perhaps of all that could be mentioned London Bridge is the finest.

At any hour of day or night London Bridge is good to behold—or possibly we should say the prospect from the bridge. Sunset time, in summer, brings over the Pool atmospheric changes which are the despair and the joy of all artists; the smoky vapours are charged with heavy, velvety colours towards the east, while on the western side wreaths of steam trail from the black cavern of Cannon Street Station and take to themselves the purest tints of amber, grey, and gold above the shimmering water. Autumn darkens the scene with a sombre, sadder touch, as though the harmonies of colour were being played on muted strings; and often in winter it seems that only echoes remain—a rift of pale blue here, a flush of deep crimson there, a veil of purple and brown over all; the orchestra drones in the distance, out of sight.

Winter, however, brings hours after dark when a different quality enters into our thoughts as we stand to gaze, entranced, from the low stone parapet. No rays from the clearest star can pierce that thickened gloom, but high in the east rides a moon of burnished gold, like a shield hung on the far wall of heaven; now and then her glow is tarnished by wisps of dun smoke from the funnels of the noisy steamers that lie close to those long, busy wharves. From the southern side of the bridge her pale, wavering track can be seen thrown across the river as a rival bridge for other folk than mortals—a bridge broken and refashioned ceaselessly as the little panting tugs swing lustily down with their burdens of dull barges and their glimmering red and green lights. Over by those tramp-steamers the spidery arms of the cranes wave and sink as though making some magical incantation; the buzzing flares show spots of yellow radiance through the thick, cold air, and shouts from unseen men come faintly across the river. All the year round, at evening, a line of fascinated people stands to watch silently, spellbound at the weird effect.

From the opposite edge the lights stretch up the long, serrated banks until they deepen and are lost in hazy obscurities of smoke and vapour; for here the great stations come into the scene and contribute to the general murk. Cannon Street's cave of mystery is invisible, save perhaps for a slight intensification of the pall of night; but from it the ghostly mists from stertorous engines still emerge, sway,

and vanish on the cloudy bosom of the night. Ever and anon a line of faint gleams traverses the river—the "moving street of lighted windows" which denotes a train speeding upon its way. Below it all, pervading it all as the murmurous pedal notes of an organ in some mighty symphony, the watcher is conscious of the presence of that darkly moving water, heavy with mystery, slipping and sliding past the piles, clasping the motionless shipping in its smooth embrace, gurgling into crannies and swishing into silvery webs of light, ever hastening towards its ocean home.

For many centuries there has been a bridge of some sort at or near this spot, though of very different quality from the handsome structure which now spans the Thames. It is supposed that about the year 994 A.D. the priests of St. Mary Overies built the first bridge of timber. This was washed away by floods in 1090; the second was burned in 1137. The earliest stone bridge was erected at the beginning of the thirteenth century by Peter of Colechurch, who died before it was completed, and left it to be finished by the merchants of London. It had nineteen stone arches, a gatehouse at each end, and a chapel in the centre, and must have been a triumph of engineering for those days. From this time to the early eighteenth century houses lined the bridge, which, indeed, looked more like an ordinary street. In 1756 an Act of Parliament was obtained in order that the Corporation of London might make the necessary alterations in the cause of safety. The *Observer* for December 2nd, 1810, contained an advertisement of a "proposed New Bridge from Bankside, Southwark, to Queen Street, Cheap-side," in which the public is "respectfully informed that Books for receiving Subscriptions for this undertaking are open at the Banking Houses of Messrs. Smith, Payne, and Smith's, Mansion House Street, and Messrs. Ramsbottom, Newman, Ramsbottom and Co., Lombard Street, to whom a deposit of £2 10s. per share must be paid at the time of subscribing." On the fifteenth of June, in the year 1825, the first stone of "New London Bridge" was well and truly laid amidst a great ceremonial gathering. It was quite time that something was done. Many of the arches of the previous bridge—which, as we have noted, was crazy with age—were too narrow for the passage of boats of any kind, and the resistance thus caused to the waters of the Thames produced a fall, or rapid, which rendered river-traffic dangerous—as can easily be perceived in any print of the period. Even at ebb-tide prudent passengers landed at the Old Swan Stairs, and walked to some wharf below to continue their journey.

In 1820, in consequence of protests from barge-owners and proprietors of other craft, a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to consider the problem, and it finally recommended the construction of a new bridge. Preparations were hastened on, and the notable day arrived when the stone called by courtesy the first was in position, slung from chains, ready to repose in its bed.

At a very early hour of the morning the neighbourhood was alive with people; every point of vantage, high and low, was occupied by noon; the roofs of Fishmongers' Hall, of St. Saviour's Church, and of all warehouses within sight carried their quota of eager spectators; while, of course, wooden stages had been erected in advantageous positions, seats on which were sold at prices varying between half-a-crown and fifteen shillings. "Southwark Bridge itself," writes an eye-witness of the affair, "was clustered over like a beehive, and the river from thence to London Bridge presented the appearance of an immense dock covered with vessels of various descriptions, or perhaps it more closely resembled a vast country fair, so completely was the water concealed by multitudes of boats and barges, and the latter again hidden by thousands of spectators and canvas

awnings, which, with the gay holiday company within, made them not unlike booths and tents, and contributed to strengthen the fanciful similitude." "Worthy of Venice at her best of times," he concludes, in quite a modern strain. The coffer-dam for the building of the first pier was utilised cleverly as a select enclosure for the *élite*, decorated, divided into four tiers of galleries, and covered with an awning.

After a long wait the procession of State arrived, announced by the reports of two six-pounder guns at the Old Swan Stairs; it was then about four o'clock. The cavalcade was a most distinguished one, including the City Marshal, the Barge-Masters, the City Watermen, the Water-Bailiff, members of the Royal Society, members of the Goldsmiths' Company, the Under-Sheriffs, and various other officials; lastly came the Duke of York and the Lord Mayor, riding in the State coach. Opposite the stone a seat had been constructed. "His Lordship, who was in his full robes, offered the chair to his Royal Highness, which was positively declined on his part. The Mayor, therefore, seated himself; the Lady Mayoress, with her daughters in elegant dresses, sat near his Lordship, accompanied by two fine-looking, intelligent boys, her sons; near them were the two lovely daughters of Lord Suffolk, and many other fashionable ladies."

A cut-glass bottle containing the coins of the reign was presented, and in the presence of John Rennie, Esq., F.R.S., the engineer and builder of the bridge (jointly with his father) the ceremony began. A copper plate, engraved with a lengthy Latin inscription, was placed beneath the stone—the inscription having been first read aloud; then came the speech of the Lord Mayor (less dry than the majority of official outpourings), and the lowering of the granite block on to the mortar. "The City sword and mace were placed on it crossways, the foundation of the new bridge was declared to be laid, the music struck up 'God save the King,' and three times three excessive cheers broke forth from the company, the guns of the Honourable Artillery Company on the Old Swan Wharf fired a salute, and every face wore smiles of gratulation. Three cheers were afterwards given for the Duke of York; three for Old England; and three for the architect, Mr. Rennie." During the ceremony it was observed as a good omen that "a splendid sunbeam, which had penetrated through an accidental space in the awning above, gradually approached the stone as the hour for laying it advanced, and shone upon it with dazzling lustre."

After the proceedings were over, a journalist of a lively turn of mind created a diversion by leaping on the stone and dancing on it until the onlookers cheered him. Several ladies were allowed to walk across it, and all who were so indulged, says the chronicler quaintly, "departed with the satisfaction of being enabled to relate an achievement honourable to their feelings."

So began that fine span of stone across London's river which we admire to-day, and which within the memory of boys was found to be too narrow for the tremendous traffic of the district. It has been compared to the British merchant, uniting plainness with strength and capacity; and the comparison is not inapt. The surprising part about our bridges, to those unfamiliar with London's enormous needs, is that even now, with London Bridge, Southwark, Blackfriars, and the other bridges so near together, and so splendidly wide that they seem adequate to any demand, London city clamours for still another road across the river. It is almost as though every fresh means of transport and access doubled the traffic, and brought with it, in the course of a few years, fresh problems with which to deal. Whether or no that high-sounding Bridge of St. Paul's will ever be built is as yet not certainly known; but, if so, it is curious to let the mind run on and to wonder what will

be the state of our traffic when its hundredth anniversary arrives. Perhaps by then the river will flow under a tunnel of bridges; perhaps by then we shall have solved the difficulty in another way—that of flight.

THE VICTORIA INSTITUTE

OWING, doubtless, to the wretched weather which prevailed, the attendance at the Royal Society of Arts last Monday afternoon to hear the Rev. J. J. B. Coles, M.A., F.R.G.S., lecture on "Theosophy" was not so large as could have been desired; those, however, who braved the constant downfall enjoyed a most interesting session, for both lecture and discussion were exceptionally good.

The lecturer opened by noting the striking reaction from materialism which has taken place during the last ten years, and, remarking that a well-balanced mind was neither too prejudiced nor too sceptical, observed that he could put forward his ideas at the present time with less danger of opposition than would have been possible some years ago. Strong opposition came, however, in the course of the discussion, which we shall allude to later on.

The word Theosophy, said the speaker, means not the "Wisdom of God," but the "wisdom of the gods," of Universal Wisdom. This wisdom is the inner, hidden, spiritual truth which underlies all the outward forms or religion, and its central thought is the belief that the Universe is in its essence spiritual, that man is a spiritual being in a state of evolution and development, and by proper physical, mental, and spiritual training humanity can so progress on this path of evolution as to develop faculties and powers which will enable it to get behind the outward veil of what we call matter and to enter into conscious relations with the underlying Reality. The whole Universe is in a continual state of progression; the spiritual, having descended into matter, is ever and always working its way upwards, and the duty of man is to assist this upward evolution by every means in his power. So far as regards himself, this evolution cannot be completed in one lifetime, and the Theosophist therefore believes in *Reincarnation*. That part of man's intelligent nature which reincarnates in successive personalities and lives is called the Reincarnating Ego. In man, self-consciousness and moral responsibility are attained, and the duty then at once arises to subordinate the animal and passionate part of the nature and to develop the spiritual, so as to prepare for the next incarnation. At the change which is called death the Reincarnating Ego passes, not into any particular place, like heaven or hell, but into a state of subjective consciousness, remaining thus for a longer or shorter period according to the way in which the earth-life has been passed. When the time comes for it to take up another body the Ego again incarnates, and this goes on until all experience has been gained, and until, by spiritual advancement, the necessity for reincarnation ceases, the ultimate destiny of the higher spiritual principle in man being its conscious union with the Absolute, the Universal All. The whole of this evolution and reincarnation is governed by law, for the Theosophist does not believe in anything *miraculous* or *supernatural*.

With excellent impartiality the lecturer treated his subject, and quoted the words of Sir William Crookes, who, in a recent address on "New Elements in Chemistry," said:—

It must never be forgotten that theories were more than mutable; they were only useful so long as they admitted of the harmonious correlation of facts into a reasonable system. Directly a fact refused to be pigeon-holed, and would not be explained on theoretic grounds, the theory must go, or it must be revised to admit the new fact. The nineteenth

century saw the birth of new views of atoms, electricity, and ether. Our twentieth-century views of the constitution of matter might appear satisfactory to us, but how would it be at the close of the present century? Were we not incessantly learning the lesson that our researches had only a provisional value? A hundred years hence should we acquiesce in the resolution of the material universe into a swarm of rushing electrons?

From this point the Rev. Coles took the field against Theosophy, and, adducing some mystical sentences from one of the text-books, asked, "Is it possible to believe that there are professing Christians who have exchanged the 'living oracles of God' for such profane and ludicrous theosophical teaching as this? The true and all-powerful answer to Modern Theosophy is the fuller and deeper teaching of the Epistles of St. Paul to the Ephesians, Philippians and Colossians."

The chairman, Dr. A. T. Schofield, remarking that the subject presented "the most notable phenomenon ever discussed in the Victoria Institute—the juxtaposition of two rival inspired theories or religions"—then threw the meeting open. Mr. E. W. Maunder, F.R.A.S., author of "The Astronomy of the Bible," led with a short speech. "There are two things worth serious consideration in this life," he observed, "religion and science, both eminently clean and sane; but we have seen abroad of late years many things that are un-clean and in-sane, and Theosophy, I think, is one of them." Mr. Howard followed in a masterly little address, alluding to the wonderful manner in which the ancient philosophers—Lucretius, Plato, and others—sought for truth, and he labelled the Theosophists as "muddle-headed mystics." Both these speeches brought forth strong condemnation from a lady, Mrs. Sharp, who professed herself a Theosophist of many years' standing. Such remarks, she protested, should not be made hastily, since, after all, Theosophy, putting it at its lowest, was a real system of thought which had occupied the energies of many fine intellects. Mr. Weir, a visitor from Ireland, supported her, inferring that our modern materialistic tendency is merely the accentuation of the scientific side of things, while the East over-emphasised the introspective side. Another speaker inquired what Theosophy had done to help the degraded, and a brief reply came from Mr. Wedgwood, who stated that he had just returned from a stay at the headquarters of the Theosophical Society in India, and recounted an anecdote which seemed to prove his contention that the instruction of Theosophy led to a more hopeful attitude on the part of the lower strata of humanity.

The lecturer, in his answer, defined rather neatly, at the request of the Chairman, the difference between reincarnation and resurrection—the one being more a bodily change, the other having spiritual aspects and significations. The usual remarks concluded a lively and interesting session, which we were sorry to see so scantily attended.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

"The sentiment is good." This is an old-fashioned cliché, and, like all such phrases, has no more dynamic power than the "Here we are again" of the clown in the pantomime. We keep on saying how satisfied we are. But, candidly, there is very little business. I hope and believe that we are going to have a good time—that is to say, the punters and the promoters. It would appear that prices must rise, mainly because there is no bull account in any market. The most minute order has an effect quite out of proportion to

its size. When the public regains its strength and begins gambling we might then see a new boom. Each clique hopes that the boom will attack its particular market. The tin people—Bastard and his followers—point to £183 a ton for the metal and declare that Nigerian tin shows will earn prodigious profits. The rubber people have dozens of unfloat properties they wish to sell, and if they can only persuade Heilbut, Symons, and Co. to put up Fine Hard Cured Para they assert that they can make a new rubber boom. Rhodesia blazes—in the Press; the public appears chilly, notwithstanding the heated puffs. Yet they may melt in time. Never was there so much optimism.

There are great arguments going on in Lombard Street about the Money Market. A big division laugh at the idea of cheap money. They say that India wants more gold, that Brazil must have gold, and that the Argentine will also ask for one or two millions; they point out that Paris must be repaid; that the Government taxes will take a great deal. In short, their arguments are numerous and widely spread. But the people who support the "dear money" cry forget that the Transvaal is sending us over £600,000 a week; that Egypt may pay back half of the ten millions, and that Paris has abundant supplies, Russia more than she wants. Holland has reduced her Bank Rate to 3½ per cent.—an excellent sign, for Amsterdam has been in trouble all the autumn. The country will be returning the money it absorbed before Christmas, six months' Bank bills are due at 3½ and any trader can get his bill done at 4. Thus the talk and the practice do not fit.

In the Foreign Market the gossips still discuss Sir Edward Holden's attack upon Japan; and the South Manchurian Railway Loan was done at a discount. Why investors should rate good sound English railway stocks at less value than speculative Japanese bonds is one of those anomalies the House so often supplies. We have not heard the end of the Japanese Loan story. Russian Fours are gradually creeping up; they will touch par. Turkish are still bought, the excuse being that the agreement between Russia and Germany makes for peace. The real truth is that the Deutsche Orient Bank will make an issue in the Spring, and is steadying the market as a preliminary.

We now await the dividend declaration in the Home Rail market, and prices are firm. They must continue hard, for few of the companies can fail to increase their distribution. L. & N.W.R. and Great Western are the soundest investments. There is no bull account in the Heavies, but I should not be surprised to see a small reaction after the dividend declarations in such stocks as Hull and Barnsley, Great Eastern, Little Chats, Dover A's. Great Easterns are a stock that must go to par sooner or later, but as they are gambled in occasionally they will fluctuate. I again say that the junior stocks of the Great Central are an excellent lock-up for the man who can wait a few years.

Yankees are weak in London, but no one does any business. In New York the whole of the banking circle consider Unions, Chesapeakes, Steels, Southern Pacifics, and Atchisons as good, sound purchases. I take no heed of London or her views. Berlin, through her great banks, always receives admirable information. The Wall Street bankers rely upon the Deutsche, Dresdener, and Disconto when it is necessary to finance, and they never play false to the houses in Berlin. New York uses London to build up the indispensable bear account. Beyond placing gold bonds, this is the only use the Yankee has for the Britisher.

Canadian Pacifics have been the one talk of the week. It has long been known that the 1 per cent. dividend they have been paying out of their land department was paid from the interest received, and that the sum obtained for interest was more than sufficient to pay a much larger dividend. This larger dividend has now been paid. There is a saying in Canada that there are only two ways of ruining yourself—getting drunk and going a bear of Can. Pacs. This would seem to be true, for the net-earnings of the Canadian Pacific during the past four months show a 17 per cent. increase, notwithstanding the poor crop. Shareholders must not, however, expect to get more than their present 10 per cent., which is surely magnificent enough for any one,

since within another year both the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Mackenzie and Mann Line will be competing strongly with the Canadian Pacific. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the President, has often warned people not to expect too much from the C.P.R. But the plain truth is that the line has run away from him, and not even those who are the most closely responsible for the working of the company ever anticipated such magnificent results. The stock is mainly held in England, not 10 per cent. being in the names of Canadian shareholders and Wall Street, although the nominal market home of Can. Pacs. is financially but little interested.

So many people have lost money in rubber, and so few made any, that most City people consider the present dyspeptic conditions of the speculator entirely due to an overdose of rubber. It is quite certain that there is no business done; prices fall not because they are attacked but because they are too weak to stand up against even the slight trickle of genuine selling-orders. If the big Trusts could engineer a bear account they might dash in and raise values. But the bears have no heart, and the Trusts are not really clever speculators. They buy with the faith of the believer. We want pessimism in the rubber market. The Kaffir jobbers who used to dash in and bang prices are sadly missed. A Stock Exchange has been opened in Singapore, but it is the day after the fair—not an exhilarating hour in which to start a new speculative movement.

The bears are buying back their Shells—that is the only point worth recording. Promoters who are choke-full of oil shares would like to see a boom, but the Standard Oil declines to end the war. It must end soon, because none of the business people who sell oil are filled with joy at the present price of kerosene. Russian petroleum is to try and increase their output; but I have no confidence in the management of any of the Baku companies. I hear bad reports of the oil trade in Russia, and there is talk of further trouble amongst the Russian companies.

Waihis look like going higher. A new lode has been cut at the 1,000ft. level. It is said to be 7ft. and worth 63s. a ton. Waihi is a most extraordinary mine—a mass of reefs, some hardly payable, others rich. The shares fell from 10 to 4½, and most of us thought that the rich shoots had come to an end. To-day the Waihi people are buying, and good judges place the profit value of the ore reserves at three millions, which should make Waihi worth six millions. They are vigorously working in the lower levels of the mine, and may conceivably find more lodes; many are known to exist.

Kaffirs do not move much, and the only excitement last week was the Robinson coup, by which the great J. B. decreed that Randfontein Central and Randfonteins South should be amalgamated. As the first were quoted last Thursday at 2 11-16, and the latter 2½, any one who sold the one and bought the other would have made money on each deal; yet no one either bought or sold. This speaks well for Robinson's honesty and also that of his employees. There was no leakage, although, had any one known, a large sum of money might have been made without risk. I never abuse Robinson, for I see no reason why the Stock Exchange should dislike him as it does. To me he appears a man who has always gone his own way regardless of markets and market-manipulators. He will make a fine mine, and the Souths are cheap to-day. They should pay 25 per cent. dividend on a forty years' life.

Rhodesian bulls might cry, "Cut the cackle and come to the 'osses." They say that all the magnates have now agreed upon a definite plan of operations. I am glad of it; but will they stick to the plan, and will they forego the pleasure of unloading upon each other's markets? I am not saying anything against the mines. They are good enough to gamble in, but the public has never had a chance in Rhodesians. Willoughby's Matabele Queen met with an icy reception. These market deals are not popular to-day. The shares are decidedly not worth 12s. Rhodesia Consolidated are one of the best buys in the market. They are much sounder than Matabele Queens and 25 per cent. cheaper. This is a Tilden Smith deal; it may come off.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

POST-IMPRESSIONS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Can you allow space for one word more anent the Post-Impressionists?

The avowed aim of this school is, by extreme simplification, to bring back into modern painting the significance and gesture of primitive art.

I have not seen it noted in the various discussions on the subject that the same endeavour may be seen in Chinese art. Among the Chinese paintings at the British Museum, No. 106—which represents a sage in a pavilion on a lake, with a waterfall dashing over boulders in the background—is a striking example of this. The painting is of the seventeenth century, and the artist is Shih T'ien. There is also among the collection of Chinese illustrated books in the King's Library of the British Museum a small portfolio of landscape-sketches, some of which—notably that of "A Cliff and Water," by Peen Yuen Foo—show the same tendency. These signs of desire to return to primitive devices as a new means of expression appear to me to be very interesting at this moment, and a further proof of the astonishing modernity of the older Oriental art. Perhaps it is not too out of place to note here that in this same collection of books the drawings of animals by Yasunobu of the early eighteenth century recall the best manner of Fauré. "Nil novi sub sole."—I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

G. M.

Hampstead.

January 7th, 1911.

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Young Life. By Jessie Leckie Herbertson. William Heinemann. 6s.
The House of Horror. By Robert Halifax. With Frontispiece. Digby, Long and Co. 6s.
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- A Short History of the Church of England.* By the Rev. J. F. Kendal, M.A. Illustrated. A. and C. Black. 7s. 6d. net.
The Glenbervie Journals. Edited and Arranged by Walter Sichel. Illustrated. Constable and Co. 10s. 6d. net.
Pioneer Church Work in British Columbia, being a Memoir of the Episcopate of Acton Windeyer Sillito, D.D., D.C.L., First Bishop of New Westminster. By the Rev. Herbert H. Gowen, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. A. R. Mowbray and Co. 3s. 6d. net.
Histoire de France, depuis les Origines jusqu'à la Révolution. Tome Neuvième I.: Le Règne de Louis XVI. (1774-1789). By H. Carré, P. Sagnac, and E. Lavisse. Hachette and Co., Paris and London.
Les Origines Diplomatiques de la Guerre de 1870-1871. Recueil de Documents publié par le Ministère des Affaires Étrangères. Tome III.: 10 Mai, 1864—31 Juillet, 1864. Gustave Ficker, Paris.
A Century and a Half of Jewish History, Extracted from the Minute-books of the London Committee of Deputies of the British Jews. By C. H. L. Emanuel, M.A. G. Routledge and Sons. 5s. net.
The International Relations of the Chinese Empire: The Period of Conflict, 1834-1860. By Hosea Ballou Morse. Illustrated. Longmans, Green and Co. 20s. net.
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- From Hausaland to Egypt Through the Sudan.* By H. Karl W. Kumm, Ph.D. Illustrated. Constable and Co. 16s. net.
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